The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1931 NUMBER 867

Contents

The Week 216

Editorials

The Value of the Hoover Truce..... 218
Bethlehem Bonuses..... 219
Australia: A Post-war Casualty..... 220

General Articles

Two Decades of Depression...Wilford J. Eiteman 222
New Moon (verse).....James Daly 225
Impeaching Judge Lynch.....Edwin Tribble 226
The Pundit of The Quarterly.....Virginia Woolf 227
Frank Keeney's Coal Diggers: II..Edmund Wilson 229
Men Without Machines: V.....Stuart Chase 231
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 234
Fascism and Glories.....Stark Young 235
A Communication.....Joseph North 236

Correspondence 237

Reviews of Books

D. H. Lawrence's Last Story.....Mary M. Colum 238
—And a Story About Lawrence...Horace Gregory 239
The Nonexistent Russians.....Herman Simpson 239
High Schools—in 1960.....W. B. Curry 240
Thin Pickings.....Murray Godwin 241
Book Notes 241

The Week

COLONEL Arthur Woods, who recently retired as active director of President Hoover's Committee on Unemployment, has just returned from Europe, where he went to study the systems of unemployment insurance in England and Germany. He told reporters that as a result of his survey he is perfectly certain that unemployment insurance should not be adopted in the United States; our own system of depending on private charity and leaving official relief to the municipalities and counties is the best "if it works." Colonel Woods' attitude of course surprises no one; he was known to be strongly opposed to unemployment insurance long before he went abroad, and if he were not, he probably would not have been given his place as chairman of the President's committee, since Mr. Hoover shares his view. We are interested, however, in the astonishing condition he attaches to his opinion, that our system is better only "if it works." Does it work, or doesn't it? Colonel Woods is the one man in the country who, because of his experience, ought to know. He is like someone who sees a burning building full of people, observes a bucket brigade throwing water and says, "The bucket brigade is the best of all possible ways to save those people, provided it puts out the fire."

MUCH more important than Colonel Woods' opinion is that of almost 1,200 persons who have signed a memorial to the President demanding a special session of Congress for unemployment relief. This memorial, circulated by a committee headed by Dr. John Dewey on behalf of the People's Lobby, is signed by many distinguished persons, including mayors of cities, economists, labor leaders, educators, preachers, priests, rabbis, Salvation Army officers, settlement-house and charity administrators and many others. These are the men and women who are out on the firing line; they know what is being done, and how great is the emergency. Pointing out that there are about 6,000,000 unemployed, and perhaps another 6,000,000 working on part time so that their incomes are much reduced, that private savings are nearly gone, that charitable funds are almost exhausted while cities and states have borrowed to the limit, these 1,200 individuals urge an immediate special session of Congress for three purposes:

> 1. Appropriation by Congress of at least $3,000,000,000 for public works, and for the extension of credit for municipal housing programs and similar measures.
>
> 2. Appropriation by Congress of at least $250,000,000 to match amounts already spent or to be spent by states and localities for relief of the unemployed.
>
> 3. Appropriation by Congress of at least $250,000,000 for subvention of state unemployment-insurance systems, to expedite the adoption of such systems.

Here is at least a concrete program for meeting a national emergency. With what does Mr. Hoover, who refuses to call a special session, meet it? With his optimistic belief that the tide of the depression has at last turned—the same belief which he was expressing in April, 1930; with his equally unfounded opinion that the municipalities, counties and states will "get through somehow"; and with his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purely personal dislike of action by the federal government which might set a precedent and in some way throw us into the clutches of "bureaucracy."

WITH one of the most torrid heat spells in years afflicting 125,000,000 Americans, the successful Post and Gatty round-the-world flight provided distraction of a superior sort. On this occasion it took exactly eight days, fifteen hours, and fifty-one minutes to make the earth a smaller place than it was before. The scientific results of the Post and Gatty exploit may be virtually nil, since it is obvious that little new has been discovered about the durability, cruising radius or speed of the modern airplane. What their experience does prove is that to excel nowadays in sport, exploration or physical adventure is at once to capture the world's imagination. The machine may, as is said, tend to enslave or dull man's existence; but the more it enslaves, the more man seeks to use the machine in order to escape from the mechanized routine. Some men seek glory (and gold) by a single, spectacular wager with death; others, the great masses of men, know the intoxication of desperate adventure vicariously, at least, through the new institutions of tabloid, cinema, radio. These institutions stop at nothing to produce new wonders or monstrosities for the hero-worshiping multitude. Thus the breaking of records has become one of the characteristic modern industries; all sorts have been broken week by week, this year; and our era may come to be remembered for its feats in gourmandizing, sports, exploring and racketeering. But the record-breaking business, like many other lines, shows all the symptoms of overproduction, which in this case spells boredom. Only 10,000 people turned out at Roosevelt Field to pay Messrs. Post and Gatty their respects, whereas 400,000 introduced themselves to Lindbergh in 1927.

WISCONSIN'S new labor-code bill has been signed by Governor Philip La Follette and has become law. This striking piece of legislation "relating to litigation growing out of labor disputes" has been little heralded in the newspapers, though it is important both in itself and as a precedent. The new code declares that it is legal for workers to organize in their own interest, to strike, to assemble, to speak in public and to picket peacefully, "whether singly or in numbers." Noteworthy are the provisions designed to suppress in Wisconsin the so-called "yellow-dog contract," by which laborers bind themselves to stay out of unions before they get work. Perhaps most important of all are the limits put upon the use of injunctions in labor disputes. These may be obtained only after forty-eight hours' notice, after substantial evidence is produced of irreparable damage to the plaintiff, and after hearings with both sides represented. Even if an injunction is granted, it is limited to five days, after which it lapses unless the necessity has been shown for making it permanent.

A MONTH ago we reported in The New Republic the extraordinary facts connected with the enforced resignation of Professor H. A. Miller from the faculty of Ohio State University ("Ku Kluxism at Ohio State University," The New Republic, June 10, 1931). Since that time several developments have taken place which deserve to be recorded. A committee of the American Association of University Professors visited Columbus, the seat of the University, and made an investigation of the whole affair. It seems strongly probable that this committee will bring in a report defending Dr. Miller, and that thereupon Ohio State will take its place, with the Universities of Mississippi and Pittsburgh, at the bottom of the list of American institutions of higher learning, as one where no self-respecting college teacher will accept employment, or continue to be employed, if he can help it. The dismissal of Professor Miller has caused a sensation throughout the state of Ohio and beyond; it has been denounced by all the decent, independent newspapers in the state, by many pastors in the pulpit, by committees of students and instructors at the University, and by groups of teachers at the University of Wisconsin, New York University, Columbia, Harvard and Yale.

A PROPOSAL was made that the committee on universities of the Ohio state legislature should investigate the dismissal of Professor Miller; but the trustees, most of whom owe their appointments to cheap partisan politics and nothing else, pulled enough wires to prevent this. In the meantime, however, Professor Miller appeared before the legislative committee and gave them some plain speaking about the interference of the trustees with academic freedom at Ohio State. Among other things, he said that he

> can discover no motive behind my dismissal except the personal animosity of Julius Stone, chairman of the Board. This seems to be closely related to the political and financial interests with which he is connected, if I may judge from the policy of the two Columbus newspapers which belong to those interests.

Professor Miller also charged that some of the trustees were indulging in a whispering campaign against him. He sufficiently riddled this campaign when he told the legislators,

> I should welcome a full presentation of the alleged causes of my dismissal which have hitherto been kept secret. Such star-chamber procedure must impress any intelligent man as violating the principles of democratic government. The only inference one can draw is that the Board does not dare to disclose the real pressure under which this action has been taken.

WHEN academic freedom was so ruthlessly suppressed at the University of Pittsburgh some time ago, The New Republic predicted that the most harmful effects would not appear until some time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had elapsed, when one by one the best men on the faculty would leave to accept posts elsewhere. A few months later, we had the melancholy pleasure of recording the names of several of Pittsburgh's leading instructors, who had gone to institutions where they would not need to blush every time they were asked about their academic connections. Pittsburgh thereupon sank quietly back into the mud, and has remained there ever since. The same thing, of course, will happen at Ohio State if the Ku Klux influence of the party business men on the Board of Trustees is not broken. Within the past week, news has come of the resignation of one of Ohio's ablest instructors, who has accepted a post in another institution. While his transfer is not directly connected with the Miller case, indirectly they have everything to do with each other. If Ohio State were the sort of institution which the people of Ohio have a right to expect, even the wooden-Indian president, Dr. Rightmire, would be able to hold his good men—the first and almost the last duty of a competent college president.

THERE is perhaps a melancholy comfort in the reflection that ours is not the only country nowadays guilty of deporting aliens for their political beliefs. Alexander Berkman, who took refuge abroad after having been deported from this country with Emma Goldman for his anti-war activities, is to be expelled from France this week. He has lived there for the last five years, during which time he insists that he has engaged in no political activities, but has confined himself to literary work. The government has given no reason for its order of deportation. Berkman, who is a man without a country and carries only a League of Nations passport, is entirely at the mercy of the authorities. France in the past has granted political refugees the traditional right of asylum and it is hard to see why the present government has abrogated this right in the case of Berkman.

THE Ballyhoo, for August, wrapped in cellophane "to keep it fresh," is a promising newcomer among our intendedly humorous magazines. In view of the changed temper of the American family, which is now rapidly divesting itself of the two-car complex, there would seem to be need of a satirical journal with a new point of view. In this sense The Ballyhoo has made the happy beginning of expressing its moral fervor by the medium of fake advertisements, of "Old Colds" and "Ducky Wucky" cigarettes and "Ohbuoy" b. o. soap, thus reaching out at the various myths and folk legends which, according to good opinion, may have contributed greatly to our present difficulties. For the modern spirit, the fake advertisement—selling its product for the wrong reasons, and so forth—has the highest appeal as a literary form, and recommends itself as more flexible than either the Petrarchean sonnet or the realistic novel of frustration. At its best, The Ballyhoo has an edge of that violent skepticism frequently attributed to newspaper reporters: a spirit which, intensified, might go far toward damaging the rosy campaigns of our business prophets and associated Chambers of Commerce.

The Value of the Hoover Truce

FRANCE has yielded to Mr. Hoover, and the year's moratorium will go into effect. It is an event of high immediate importance, and one for which the President is deserving of great credit. He played his cards in masterly fashion, carrying the fight to the French and putting them on the defensive in such a way that even the Quai d'Orsay felt obliged to take account of the world-wide pressure of public opinion. The line France has followed in regard to Germany for the past thirteen years is a most difficult and precarious one: she wants Germany neither to get well nor to die, but to linger on in hopeless invalidism. If Germany were to get well, the French believe she would fight again; if she were to die—that is, if a Fascist or Communist revolution were to take place—she would repudiate reparations. Among the several motives which prompted France to accept the Hoover scheme probably the most important was the belief that, after all, it would help to continue Germany in her present state of chronic invalidism; and this assumption was quite correct. Mr. Hoover, according to his own explicit statements, has no thought of seeking to put Europe's house actually in order. He is satisfied to have the desperate fight go on, provided only that it is conducted according to proper prize-ring rules with an occasional interval between rounds. He was careful to say that it was only the industrial depression which was threatening Germany with financial collapse, and that since the depression would presumably be over in a year, things could thereafter go on as before.

The importance of the moratorium lies in the hope that it may be the prelude to further action such as Mr. Hoover now repudiates. Millions of people all over the world are saying that if a year's suspension of international payments can work such magic, what might not a permanent cancellation do! The rise in the value of stocks has had a potent effect, and possibly most of all in France. Economists have been arguing that the reparations and war-debt payments cost more than they were worth, but the popular mind needed a startling demonstration such as has just been experienced, in order to realize that this is true. Some commentators believe that the moratorium scheme has put an end for the present to the propaganda for cancellation. On the contrary it has, in our opinion, given it a fresh impetus. During the Hoover Year we expect to see a wave of public opinion in all the important countries—including even France—in favor of an international con

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ference which will consider cancellation or tremendous reduction of debts and reparations, as well as drastic reduction of armaments on land and sea.

Will this public opinion succeed in accomplishing anything? In order to answer that question it is necessary to look a little deeper than such obvious surface realities as the fact that Germany cannot pay reparations, and that the Allies can pay their debts only with tremendous difficulty and the building up of a great export trade. It is necessary to consider what, in the long run, these countries actually want. From that point of view, France is seen as perfectly logical and reasonable, the most logical and reasonable of all the Great Powers. She still sticks to the old system, and makes it work; while the other countries stick to the old system but recoil in horror from those of its results which are most plainly evident.

The essence of that system is national aggression on behalf of private capitalism in each country, this capitalism in turn supporting the government which shelters it. Radicals are fond of saying that capitalism is now international in character and knows no such word as patriotism; but this is only partially true. There are international bankers who arrange international investments, and want peace for reasons of self-interest; but these bankers do not have the decisive voice in dictating the international policies of any of the chief Powers. That voice speaks on behalf of the domestic capitalist who wants, first, the utmost possible chance to exploit the home market, and second, every possible assistance in developing markets abroad. These two aims are themselves to some extent incompatible; high tariffs which permit profiteering at home also prevent the imports which are a reciprocal part of the process of large exports, and one group or the other will dominate in each country, depending partly upon the degree of industrialization which has been attained and partly upon other factors, such as the character and extent of its agriculture and its geographical position in relation to potential markets.

As all intelligent people now know, this was the situation which in the main was responsible for bringing about the Great War. It is the mainspring of nationalistic aggression such as France has pursued so successfully in the past thirteen years. But it is also the policy of every other great Power except Russia. Trade rivalries go on as they did before 1914. Much of the opposition to reparations and war debts is not on moral grounds, or because of the suffering they cause to the inhabitants of a debtor country, but because such payments interfere with the expansion of private export trade. Nothing done for the preservation of peace in the past decade, none of the elaborate machinery of the League, Locarno, the Kellogg Pact and all the rest of it, interferes in any important degree with the continuance of these policies of nationalistic aggression on behalf of nationalistic capitalism. Yet it ought to be clear that this system is driving the world toward a repetition of the catastrophe of 1914; that as long as the struggle goes on, it is useless to talk of disarmament or even any substantial reduction of the armies and navies which back up the demand of each country for a place in the sun.

On these terms, France is right—and no other terms have ever been seriously proposed except by the radicals who are in control nowhere except in Russia. If we intend to continue playing the old game with the old counters, then it is foolish not to play it wholeheartedly, as the French have done and are doing. Against such a background, the Hoover moratorium, important as it is for the moment, becomes about as significant as the Christmas Day fraternizing of the troops in the trenches in 1914.

Bethlehem Bonuses

THE REBELLIOUS stockholders of Bethlehem Steel, who brought civil action to obtain the refund of some of the $36,000,000 secretly paid out as officers' bonuses, have at last won important concessions from Mr. Schwab and his associates. By the terms of the settlement reached, the bonuses to executives are expected to be cut in half; they are to be computed after, not before, depreciation has been charged off; and finally the division of these spoils is no longer to be left solely in the hands of Mr. Schwab.

For having exposed Bethlehem's astounding bonus system, the minority stockholders have earned the gratitude of all the children of prosperity. They have shown that between 1911 and 1928 the giant steel company distributed $31,878,255 to a dozen or twenty executives, while giving only $40,886,996 to the ingenuous investors in its common stock. Moreover, during the four lean years from 1925 till 1928, inclusive, the directors, moaning of hard times, paid no dividends whatever on the common stock; but to the inner circle they quietly distributed nearly $7,000,000 as bonus. Of this boodle, nearly half went to one man, the diligent Mr. Eugene Grace, president of the corporation and one of the ablest of Charlie Schwab's own "boys." Thus, Mr. Grace has become more famous than he cares to be, as one of our "million-dollar-a-year" men; though in a fat year like 1929, when business comes too easily, he is saved from boredom on the job by a salary that runs closer to two millions. What price efficiency? the minority asked. Must one man be paid so much to "keep him loyal?"

Colorful litigation—all of it stimulated by the grim battle between Bethlehem and Republic steel interests—has served to reveal abuses by which "people in control of far too many corporations," as a Wall Street statistician puts it, are exploiting the stockholders. The dismay of these people is amazing; but even funnier is the spectacle of the inimitable Schwab, haled into court once more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "old steelmaster," as he likes to style himself, was always a born actor: with his baritone voice, his ready flow of language, his golden-toothed smile and, above all, his marvelous gift for bursting into tears without a moment's notice, he knows how to fascinate enemies, Senators, government prosecutors, justices and rebellious stockholders. Since it was he who initiated the bonus system in 1911 and has directed it ever since, serious charges were leveled against him in the civil action. He answered with deep emotion, like the "broken-hearted warrior" he is. Accusations of fraud, bribery, financial favoritism, all were waved aside with grand gestures. The stockholders' protective committee had "taken ten years off my life," he said. "Boys, I want you to be a happy family." With sentimental tears, he refers to his own patriotism as a dollar-a-year man. The insurgent stockholders, however, are hard-boiled. As for the little matter of the bonuses, which he alone had been distributing in secret, why, that was to "make them work all the better." He perorates: "I had the feeling that this damn company belonged to me, you know, and I went ahead and did the best I could."

Charlie Schwab has long been one of our noisiest optimists; again and again he rises to express his own complacency, his predictions of endless cycles of prosperity. And why shouldn't he sing his old tunes, since even in black years, when dividends are cut and thousands of workers made insolvent, there are still fat bonuses for the insiders? Capital is expected to take its risks when investing in companies having the odor that Bethlehem has always had. But it is another and graver matter when many thousands of workers, whose savings are the fruit of heavy and dangerous toil, are coaxed into buying the stock of their company, and thus "participating" in its ownership. The proposition, seriously entertained during the recent prosperity orgy, that American capitalists, out of sheer humanity, were about to share their profits with the people, has been given a great setback. But the most devastating argument of all against such a proposition is the picturesque figure of Charlie Schwab himself. Helplessly he breeds Reds faster than they can be tracked down by the American Legion.

Australia: A Post-war Casualty

THE PROLONGED economic crisis which, for the past two years, has held Australia in the grip of gloom, appears to be entering a new and decisive phase. The factors of danger are becoming more clarified; where the breach between labor leaders and business interests seemed irreparable a few weeks ago, both elements are now working perceptibly toward agreement upon a thoroughgoing plan for "saving the country," or at least its financial honor.

Mr. Scullin, harassed Prime Minister for the Laborite government, was compelled to appeal to Parliament recently to submerge party lines and convert itself into an economic conference devoted to "liquidating" the national deficit. Moreover, the premiers of the separate states, which enjoy a high degree of autonomy, have held continual conference at Melbourne with commissions of economic experts. A drastic retrenchment program has been drawn up which aims to produce roughly $140,000,000 of additional revenues. By this plan all government expenditures are to be cut 20 percent, pensions and salaries are to be similarly reduced, while increased taxes upon incomes, sales, amusements, are to make up the rest. A conversion of the internal debt is also proposed by which outstanding bonds yielding 5 to 6 percent are to be exchanged for securities bringing only 4 percent at par. These and various other drastic reforms which are planned complete the picture of calamitous conditions in Australia. The burdens of the plan, which must be borne for years to come, may be compared to Germany's under the yoke of reparations; it is a plan "achievable only through sheer patriotism," as the experts concluded.

The latest Reuter dispatches indicate that the Australian Labor Caucus has empowered Mr. Scullin to carry out his emergency program. By a large majority, the federal House of Representatives has voted measures which spare the government the humiliation of an immediate default. The Senate, at this writing, has still to act on the plan.

Few persons in America can have had any notion how near Australia has been to bankruptcy and revolution. Since 1929, under the rule of the powerful Federal Labor party, the government has engaged in various social experiments. But its financial condition, inherited from the Bruce Page (Conservative) ministry, was poor, and it has been inclined to borrow abroad heavily and inflate its currency so that it might tide itself over the crisis. To the critical eye, it would seem that the Labor government has fallen between two stools: it has engaged in the experiment of keeping high minimum wages, providing capital for land-settlement projects and furnishing employment through vast public improvements, practices which are held "radical, unsound" by one faction, but immensely humane and socially responsible by others. At the same time, the Commonwealth, unlike Russia, has tried to play the game along with the respectable nations of the international family. But in financial centers abroad, the continual borrowings of Commonwealth and states have been scrutinized more and more coldly. Credits have been rationed through English and Australian banks, and severe warning issued against the "drifting" fiscal policy. Finally, in the spring of this year, mounting difficulties brought sensational developments which awakened the world to the Commonwealth's crisis.

On April 1, Lang, "Red" premier of industrial-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ized New South Wales, suspended interest payments upon state loans, then due, and declared for flat repudiation. This revolutionary bombshell was symptomatic of the plight of the various state governments and of the temper of large portions of the Australian people.

With all its bonds falling to bankruptcy prices, the federal government moved hastily to cover New South Wales obligations in London, New York and at home. But the federal government in turn seemed to be approaching the end of its tether. Embarrassed by its great floating debt (much of it payable at once), and by its overdrafts upon the Commonwealth Bank, it proposed to increase the note circulation, beyond the established legal gold parity; it proposed to make further shipments of gold to London. But here the directors of the central bank rebelled, defending their gold reserves and setting an immediate limit upon government borrowings. A deadlock was provoked, however, when the Senate defeated the Laborite measures. To cap the climax there followed the Prime Minister's revelation on May 9 that the federal deficit for the ten months preceding was $96,000,000, twice as much as had been estimated earlier. Balked by the growing coalition of political opponents (in the form of the new "United Australian party"), the Scullin ministry has called the non-party conference now in progress. It seems also, from most recent indications, to have turned aside from its threat of abandoning the gold standard.

Though Australia's plight is serious, with industry stagnant, with idleness and insolvency widespread and foreign credit almost vanished, it is not necessarily desperate. The Commonwealth still has her abundant resources, her courageous and skilled people, her quick recuperative power. Her misfortunes of the moment, when analyzed, are exactly like those of other agricultural or raw-materials nations. In other respects they are partly the heritage of the World War, with its aftermath of borrowing and commercial expansion; for the Australian national debt is now more than three times that of 1914. Essentially a two-crop nation —she exports chiefly wool and wheat—one may easily understand how vulnerable she was to the world-wide depression in those commodities. Continued unfavorable trade balances led to heavy borrowings abroad. The excess of imports led also to the Commonwealth's embarkation upon the path of high protective tariffs, which under the Scullin ministry became virtually an embargo. Imports were cut in half, and the trade balance made favorable during the last fiscal year. But total volume of trade fell disastrously, the accompanying drop in revenues reflecting itself at present in still greater state and federal deficits. The prohibitive tariff has been no more successful in the Antipodes than in the United States.

The road back from adversity is the long and thorny one of retrenchment, ruthless economy and more burdensome taxation. That is to say, it is the one way by which Australia may retain credit among capitalist nations; it is the way that is being pressed upon many financially weakened governments throughout the world today. But it seems certain to involve a serious lowering of Australia's living standards, and of her humane labor code as reflected in the minimum-wage law, arbitration courts and various forms of social insurance. Upon these advantages of a partly socialized state, she has long prided herself. Must she abandon them? This is the largest issue involved in her fiscal reform.

The complaint of Conservative factions has been that the country cannot compete in world markets unless wages are sharply reduced; and that insolvency cannot be averted unless the ambitious social programs of the Labor government are abandoned. But would this argument hold water if the market for wool and wheat were twice as high? In the meantime, bankers and industrialists have been accused of "sabotaging" instead of coöperating with the government in its difficulties. There is undoubtedly much truth in the claim of the radical Laborites that the crisis of today is being used by reactionary elements to check the advance of state socialism.

Meanwhile, the bankers are "holding the bag"; they have promised to honor pressing government obligations, provided that the economy plan worked out at Melbourne is put into operation by both Houses of Parliament. The Labor party faces a growing opposition of moderates and capitalists led by the "bolted" Laborite, J. A. Lyons. It has been accused of drifting toward coalition by members of the Left Wing, chiefly from New South Wales, who have provoked violent dissension within the party by their revolutionary pressure.

A new hope, however, has been stimulated suddenly by President Hoover's proposal of a moratorium. Since England is to pass this respite on to her dominions, there will be an important saving on part of the war debt. The political situation remains troubled and obscure; Australia's future hangs upon the economic plans developed by the non-partisan conference now under way.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Decades of Depression

Will the 1930's Parallel the 1870's?

IN RECENT years investors, speculators and economists have been busily engaged searching the records of the depression of 1921 for a series of economic events which can be used for forecasting purposes. If they can find some common index which led in the decline and subsequent rise of the business cycle of 1921 and in the decline of 1929, they believe that they will be enabled to predict the future. Aside from the fact that such a correlation would be a mere coincidence of doubtful forecasting value, such attempts involve a serious error, for the two periods are not comparable. The depression following 1873, however, may legitimately be compared with the present one. The similarity of this post-Civil War period and its panic to the post-World War period and the panic of 1929 is indicated by the major events of the two periods.

1. A major war. (1861-64: 1914-18)
2. A trade depression resulting from the readjustment of industry to peacetime demands. (1866: 1921)
3. A period of industrial boom characterized by expansion, inventions, optimism, speculation and talk of "new eras." (1867-73: 1923-29)
4. A stock-market crash believed in each period to be a technical reaction. (September, 1873: October, 1929)
5. A long period of depression. (1873-77: 1929-?)

By tradition the Americans are a speculative people. Forced in their early environment to exploit a land of opportunity, they have come to be ever on the lookout for possibilities of accumulating wealth quickly. Consequently their history is a chain of speculative endeavors. Hardly had the Atlantic coast been decently populated before the more venturesome began to speculate on the future of the frontier lands. As civilization moved westward, the California gold rush, the development of the railroads, the rise of the petroleum industry, the organization of the trusts, the invention of the automobile, and in recent years the advent of the radio and the airplane—each in turn gave further vent to the national speculative mania. As each of these occupied the center of the stage, "new eras" arose to dwarf and eclipse by their newness all previous ones. It is almost impossible for a participant in our most recent boom to realize that there existed in American history other periods of productive advance comparable to the late one. Yet it is doubtful if the historian of the future will feel that the world of 1930 with its marvelous inventions is economically as far removed from that of 1920 as the nation of 1870 was from that of 1860.

At the beginning of the Civil War Americans used iron, had but 30,000 miles of railroads and valued their industrial equipment at a billion and a half. A decade later steel was rapidly replacing iron, railroad trackage had increased to 60,000 miles and the value of industrial equipment had doubled. Remarkable progress in the technique of production had been made all along the line. The invention of refrigeration, the settlement of the Western plains and the extension of railroad facilities made it possible for Armour and Morris to begin meat packing on a large scale. A similar shift from small to large-scale production was also taking place in the flour industry at Minneapolis. Meanwhile the petroleum wells of Pennsylvania, sunk to produce quack Indian medicines, were pumping to capacity to meet the new demands for lubrication and illumination. The old method of hauling the oil to market in wagons had been replaced by pipe lines and steel tank cars. Progress in the production of shoes was the most amazing. A single workman using the new machinery could turn out three hundred pairs of shoes in 1870 against six pairs in 1860, while an American factory could produce as many shoes as thirty thousand French shoemakers. The progress made in this decade probably surpasses that of any other.

The new industrial setup supplied the common people with better food, clothing and shelter at lower prices and was the basis of the orgy of spending and extravagance that followed. For the first time members of the lower classes found themselves able to indulge in some of the luxuries which previously had been reserved for the rich. Within a few years their homes were crammed full of marble-topped tables, Rogers' groups, red-plush albums, whatnots, sea shells, bric-a-brac and other imitations of art and culture. Their leisure time was spent at the theatre, the race track or the professional ball games. Lawn tennis and croquet were popular fads. Now, for the first time, they found it possible to take vacations once a year. Those who failed to consume the whole of their income invested the remainder on slender margins in Wall Street, where fabulous fortunes were being created overnight. Public participation in stock speculation was common. One of the popular periodicals operated a department for the accommodation of its subscribers, who were encourged to exchange their government bonds for good railroad securities. There was present in this prosperity spree of 1868-73 every symptom of the "new era" fever. Old production records had been shattered, the standard of living had been raised to unprece-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dented levels and the public was duped into believing that poverty had been permanently replaced by ever increasing and never ending prosperity.

It was the custom at that time for Western banks to deposit excess reserves in New York, withdrawing them only in the autumn to finance the movement of crops. Whenever such withdrawals began, tight money conditions resulted temporarily. The stringency of money during the fall of 1872 had been more severe than usual, but it was believed that a solution for the trouble had been discovered and that the old malady would not show itself in 1873. However, when the movement of crops set in, bankers experienced trouble in liquidating their call loans. As a result, under August withdrawals, reserves melted from twelve million to less than a half million. The seriousness of the situation was not realized. The leading financial journal of the day pointed out that had the "withdrawal of deposits been for any other ground than a business revival, it might be regarded with apprehension," and Harper's Weekly wrote that "the Western wheat crop will be the largest ever harvested. . . . Thus far everything looks well and bright. Large crops and good trade mean general prosperity."

The first rumblings of the approaching storm were heard on Monday, September 8, 1873, when the New York Warehouse and Security Company closed its doors because of its inability to collect $1,250,000 loaned at call to the M. K. and T. railroad. Even this disaster did not cause concern about the future. The Independent in commenting on the events of the week said:

> Wall Street has gone through a series of excitements from causes which would have been quite sufficient to create a panic; but notwithstanding the excitement, there has been no panic for the reason that the business of the country is in so sound a condition that any ordinary commercial calamity cannot disastrously effect the general interests.

On September 18, the failure of Jay Cook and Company was announced and within a few hours came similar announcements from sixteen other firms. Stock quotations wilted, bank loans were called and call money soared to 1,100 percent. Friday brought runs on the New York banks and by Saturday the best stocks were selling at half their former quotations, while many could not be sold at any price. Because of the demoralized state of affairs, the directors decided to close the stock exchange.

An appeal was made for government aid and President Grant met with a number of prominent bankers to discuss methods of reëstablishing order. It was decided that the government would purchase $13,500,000 worth of bonds from the banks, that the New York Clearing House would issue $10,000,000 in clearing-house certificates, that the savings banks would require thirty days' notice of withdrawals and that the stock exchange would remain closed for a time. Upon the opening of the exchange two weeks later, stock values continued to sink until late in November.

As soon as the excitement of the panic had subsided, discussion of the after effects began. A few newspapers suggested possibilities of a business depression, but the majority filled their columns with the usual soothing statements. "The stoppage of the mills is only a temporary disarrangement," writes one, "and as a whole the mercantile community is beyond a doubt in a better condition than for years." The panic, referred to as the "Wall Street flurry," was said to be a "mere accident." It was believed that a large amount of the money which had been diverted from mercantile borrowers to speculation would now be released to legitimate business. According to Harper's Weekly "our general commerce was never in a more prosperous condition," and four years before stock prices touched bottom The Commercial and Financial Chronicle felt that prices of good dividend-paying stocks were still too low, and it was to be doubted if the current prices would be seen again for years. In general it was believed that the situation presented no symptom of a particularly malignant character.

> The present panic is near its limits. Everyone knows that the fluctuations in the stock market do not affect the commercial solid interests of the country. Prices may go up or down but the real wealth, the solid permanent productive power represented by such hundreds of millions of securities, remains pretty much the same. Since the close of the War there has never been a time when the mercantile community has been in a better condition than now. The outlook for the next season is more promising than for several years.

The reaction was expected to set in within a week. The prevailing idea was that when the bankers recovered, the demand for merchandise would gradually reassert itself. That the purchasing power of the unemployed might have any bearing on the recovery did not occur to them. By November they were certain they were near the outskirts of the storm, but six weeks later there was less confidence. "This panic is remarkable for the slowness of its recovery and for the languor which it has left behind it," writes one journal. Expectations of the early revival of business returned with the new year, but three months later the signs were less certain. It was now five months since the panic, yet no tendency toward improvement was discoverable. The return to normality was being delayed only because "the capitalists are timid and the people are economizing."

The coming of April found the "indisposition to engage in new negotiations" still present, and by May it was admitted that there was a depression. The prevailing philosophy was accordingly modified. It was now known that "brief periods of stagnation in trade, suspended industries and reduced prices have always followed upon great

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial panics. They are the natural effects of the excess which precede and cause panics." In fact, "stagnation is really a natural and wholesome reaction from previous overexcitement." Being natural, there was nothing to be done about it, for "as the world grows older and wiser, men are getting to recognize more and more the marvelous wisdom of the great doctrines of the French economists *laissez-faire et laissez-passer.*"

During the summer there were indications of a revival, but these too proved deceptive. In September The Commercial and Financial Chronicle hailed the beginning of the "real revival," and expressed surprise that shrewd business men had failed to recognize the fact that business had already turned the corner. This illustrated, so they thought, "the danger of having too much confidence in the prophets of evil."

A month later, however, it was admitted that this start, too, was a false one, and by November even the most optimistic of prophets had become uneasy about the future. It was hoped that the spring of 1875 would bring the return of prosperity. But such hopes, too, proved futile, for three years later crowds of workless and hungry men still tramped the streets and joined in the parades of protest. It was computed by Harper's Weekly that there were in 1877 some three millions of idle people in the country who would gladly work for fifty cents a day.

It is little wonder then that the discouraged laboring men seized the first opportunity for violence. The explosion came when the railroads announced a 10-percent cut in wages. Workmen at Baltimore struck, and when their places were eagerly taken by the unemployed, the strikers proceeded to stop all trains. Railroad employees at Martinsburg, West Virginia, also blockaded the system. The Governor appealed to the federal government for aid and, after considerable fighting, road service was reëstablished only to be interrupted at Newark and Columbus, Ohio. By this time Pennsylvania employees at Pittsburgh had struck. In an attempt to protect the railroad's property there, soldiers killed sixteen civilians. When the news spread through the city, twenty thousand citizens assembled in the downtown section, five thousand of them armed. The federal soldiers took refuge in a roundhouse while the mob destroyed the depot, a hotel and a thousand tank cars, the damage amounting to well over seven million dollars.

Rioting then broke out all over the country: a train was burned at Baltimore; thirteen were shot at Reading; fifteen were killed at Chicago; and fighting took place at St. Louis and San Francisco. On July 24 and 25 not a train operated in the territory north of Virginia between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean. The attitude of the press toward the workers' troubles is exemplified in the following quotation:

> Society does not owe any particular rate of wages to anybody. Common sense insists that if a man refusing to work for seventy-five cents a day refuses also to let others take his job, that he be refuted with gun, powder and ball.

In 1929 a later generation of Americans celebrated the birth of another "new era." This time the radio, the talkie, the airplane, electric refrigeration, twenty-five million automobiles and over two million miles of good roads were numbered among the achievements. For a decade fads had swept the nation in fast succession, first mah jong, then crossword puzzles, flagpole sitting, miniature golf and backgammon. Homes had been luxuriously furnished with modern electrical devices and delapidated antique furniture. Speculation had been rampant. Millionaire, mechanic, banker and bookkeeper had eagerly scanned the latest editions of the newspapers to see how far their favorites had gone up. Day after day stocks had risen and more had been purchased because they rose, until three- and four-million-share days came to be accepted as the usual. Brokers' loans reached dizzy heights, yet the market climbed on. If activity slackened, it was stimulated to an accelerated pace by the statements of the "new era" economists that we could go on increasing productivity indefinitely "as long as the appetite for goods and services is practically insatiable, as it appears to be." History was unable to furnish a guide, for this was a "new era in which formerly well established standards for securities no longer retain their old significance."

At the beginning of 1929 the public was assured by the President that "the great wealth created by our enterprise and industry, and saved by our economy, has had the widest distribution among our people, and has gone out in a steady stream to serve the charity and the business of the world. The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of the necessary into the region of luxury. . . . The country can regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism." Even as late as September, 1929, a prominent economist stated that though there was danger of a "slight recession," there could "not be anything in the nature of a crash," for "we are living in a world of increasing prosperity and consequently increasing earning power of corporations and individuals . . . due in a large measure to mass production and invention such as the world never before has witnessed." Thus political propagandists and optimistic economists permitted the mad party of prosperity to continue to the very last minute by successfully hiding the approach of the coming "era of apple vendors."

Someone has said that what we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history. The blind rush of the present generation from the heights of their "new era" into the abyss of the present depression lends validity to this statement. Before the crash of October, 1929, confidence in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the future was unshakable. Stocks continued to be bought and prices to be boosted until the Dow Jones averages reached 380. Then a disheartening sinking spell set in. A slackening of business activity was noticed in August, but, according to the National City Bank, this did not need to "occasion undue alarm as to the soundness of fundamental business conditions in this country." Nevertheless, the market continued to sag until a twelve-million-share day occurred on October 24 and stock prices went into a virtual tailspin. This crash was followed a few days later by a sixteen and then a ten-million-share day. Following the precedent of 1873, the stock exchange closed and the leading bankers met to discuss emergency measures. The committee of bankers issued this statement: "We consider the situation which arose on the floor late Wednesday and today more in the nature of a technical situation rather than a fundamental one." From Washington, President Hoover announced that "the fundamental business of the country, that is production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis," and The Commercial and Financial Chronicle added "there can be no question of this."

Hardly had the public's panicky feeling subsided before discussion began as to whether or not the crash must be followed with a business depression. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, said over the radio, "The stock market is not a major barometer of business and a decline in security prices does not greatly affect the buying power of the country. Regardless of speculative uncertainty, the industrial and commercial structure of the country continues sound . . . the main point which I want to emphasize is the fundamental soundness of that great mass of economic activities on which the wellbeing of the vast majority of us all depends." Colonel Ayres said, "It does not seem at all probable that the bear market of 1929 will be followed by any slowing down of business at all comparable with the old business depressions . . . the fact is that business and banking of 1929 are almost invincibly strong." Stuart Chase believed that "the shrinkage is in paper prices and not in tangible goods and services." He predicted "three more years of prosperity before we enter the cyclical tailspin." Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust, stated that "any recession resulting from the action of the market will not be violent or of long duration. . . . " The Wall Street Journal pointed out that the panics of the past had been brought about by something fundamentally wrong, but concluded that this one was a prosperity panic. "Nothing in the existing commercial situation, nothing in its immediate prospect," says Dun's Review, "has furnished the cause for the drastic stock-market readjustments."

Through the press, over the radio, from the pulpit and on the screen, the public was assured that "business was fundamentally sound" and that "prosperity was just around the corner." Meanwhile unemployment increased and the nation anxiously awaited the spring of 1930, when it was hoped things would pick up. For a time it looked as if the depression would be short. The stock market worked its way back to an average value of 294 and President Hoover saw "indications that the worst effects of the crash upon employment will have been passed during the next sixty days." But in April, when quarterly reports began to appear, the stock market slumped again and prospects for an early revival disappeared. Another start was made in the fall of 1930 and still another in the spring of 1931, but both these, like the others, proved false, so that the summer of 1931 finds mobs of discouraged men still tramping the streets in search of work. Thus far there has been no violence, but the depression may be yet young. How long it is to last no one knows. Economists and forecasters predict an early upturn but they have been prophesying this continuously for almost two years.

Sooner or later, however, economic conditions must improve and another industrial boom grow out of the present ruins. New inventions and new techniques will then raise the standard of living even higher than it was in 1929, and when this has come to pass, economic prophets will arise to preach again eternal prosperity and the gospel of the "new era." Human beings do not learn from history.

WILFORD J. EITEMAN.

New Moon

Do the vines dream?
That starry branch is
Tremulous with plums.

What is this
Muted spell,
Calyx impalpable?

Something is here.
More than shadow
Hovers on the grass!

Between ground-moss and tree-moss
What do the moist webs tangle?
Or mirror, frostily?

(Remote intaglio,
Impeccable
Through glassy cloud . . . ?)

In the brook of mist
A ghostly deer
Cools knees.

JAMES DALY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Impeaching Judge Lynch

IN GEORGIA when a Negro attacks a white woman he is usually lynched. In a few of the more civilized sections of the state the Negro is sometimes protected by a sheriff who has courage enough to sacrifice his chances for reëlection. When this occurs, the Negro is usually given the pretense of a trial and hurried to the electric chair. But in the past, and all too often in the present, the most that enlightened Georgians have dared ask is that the Negro be protected from the passion of the mob and that he go through the formality of a court trial before receiving the inevitable death sentence.

However, it now seems that a new and more liberal spirit is making itself felt in Georgia. A Negro has been sentenced to die for attacking a white woman; he has had a trial and has been sentenced by a superior-court judge. And yet, though he has been treated with what many Georgians would consider the highest fairness and consideration, a group of liberal Georgia lawyers are at present leading a court fight to determine whether the Negro actually received a fair trial.

On May 18, John Downer, a twenty-five-year-old Negro, was arrested at his home in Elbert County, a few miles from the town of Elberton, and taken to the county jail. He was charged with attacking a white woman the night before. Downer implicated a young Negro boy, and he, too, was arrested along with four other Negroes.

Word of the arrests spread throughout the countryside and by nightfall a mob estimated at 1,500 gathered outside the jail. Elberton guardsmen were called out and established a safety zone. However, the mob broke through the zone and stormed the courthouse. The local soldiers then telephoned for aid from nearby national-guard companies. When the reënforcements arrived, the mob had already gained admission to the courthouse and were pounding on the doors of the Negroes' cells. The guardsmen were forced to open fire and two members of the mob were wounded. This dispersed the mob, but as a precautionary measure the sheriff, under cover of the night, moved four of the Negroes to Athens. Later, when it was rumored that the Elberton jail might be dynamited, Downer was taken under guard to Atlanta.

Eight days later Downer was returned to Elberton for trial. The fury of the public had not yet subsided and soldiers still lined the streets of the city to protect him. The trial started late in the afternoon. Downer testified that he was innocent of all the charges and made a blanket denial of all accusations. He said that shoes found in his home, which officers testified fitted tracks found at the scene of the crime, had been loaned to another Negro, Isaac McCalla. Downer, who had confessed to the crime at the time of his arrest, told the court that he was forced by threats of physical mutilation to confess and that this confession was false. The woman previously had identified Downer as the one who committed the crime.

The jury, after deliberating the case for less than fifteen minutes, returned a verdict of guilty and the electrocution date was set for June 15. Downer, escorted by several guardsmen to a special train, was taken back to Atlanta.

Speaking the next day at a civic-club luncheon in Macon, Orville A. Park, Macon attorney and author of a proposed new constitution for the state of Georgia, branded the Downer trial "a judicial lynching." "The Negro didn't have a chance with that jury," he said. "I don't see much difference between that sort of lynching and a mob lynching." He explained that had his proposed constitution been in effect at the time, the Negro could have been tried by a jury drawn from any county in a given district or his trial could have been transferred from Elberton to the seat of any other county in the district.

Two days before the date of the electrocution, Federal Judge Bascom S. Deaver of the Middle Georgia District granted an appeal from his denial of a writ of habeas corpus and stayed Downer's execution until the fifth-circuit United States Court of Appeals, in New Orleans, has reviewed the petition brought to the Middle Georgia federal court. Judge Deaver denied the writ of habeas corpus, but signed a certificate of probable cause which passed the petition to the higher court.

The petition was based on the legal allegation that the Negro was tried, convicted and sentenced "without due process of law" in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The petition, which called the trial "a mere sham and pretense," made the following charges:

> That counsel, jury and judge, carried away by an irresistible wave of public passion, felt that the immediate conviction of Downer was the only way of avoiding an immediate outbreak of the mob.
>
> That the grand jury which indicted the Negro and the jury which tried him, contained members of the mob which shortly before had threatened to lynch him.
>
> That the three lawyers appointed to represent Downer at the trial had failed, because of fear, to give the Negro the legal protection due him.
>
> That the attorneys had also failed to make motion for continuance, motion for change of venue, or even to enter a motion for a new trial.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through his present attorneys Downer also stated:

> That the term of court (a special one) was adjourned the day following the trial and before he was given an opportunity to consult his lawyers.
>
> That immediately after the sentence was imposed he was spirited away to Atlanta and has not seen his counsel since, and that the attorneys failed, as is charged in the petition, to file a motion for a new trial.
>
> That he did not know he had representation at the trial until one hour before his arraignment and that he therefore did not have opportunity to prepare his defense.
>
> That he has the names of persons by whom he can establish an alibi.

Immediately following Judge Deaver's grant of an appeal, Downer was taken from the state penitentiary where he was awaiting the execution of his sentence and placed in the Bibb County jail in Macon. State farm officials expressed the belief that he was in danger of mobs there and carried him to the Macon jail for more adequate protection.

The question now involved is not whether Downer is guilty or innocent, but whether he received a fair trial. On that point alone will the Court of Appeals rule. The court has several precedents which may influence its decision, in particular the famous Moore vs. Dempsey case which was appealed to the Supreme Court on similar grounds —that the trial in question was dominated by an unfriendly and threatening mob. In this case the court held that the trial was unfair. But whatever the future decision of the courts may be, and whether Downer may or may not pay by death for the crime with which he is charged, the significant and encouraging thing is that a group of Georgia's lawyers, not satisfied with merely protesting against mob violence, not satisfied with merely granting the Negro the semblance of a trial, are demanding that he be given every opportunity to defend himself which the law and the courts of their state afford.

EDWIN TRIBBLE.

The Pundit of The Quarterly

LOCKHART was not an ambitious man, and, for all his powers, he was, save in one instance, rather careless in the use he made of them. As a young man, he was content with the irresponsibilities of anonymous reviewing, and as an older man the same ephemeral occupation suited him well enough, though he pursued it more sedately, less anonymously and from the respectable comfort of an editor's chair. But he held no very exalted view of his mission. The business of reviewers, he said, was "to think not of themselves, but of their author. . . . This excludes all chance of formal, original, or would-be original disquisition on the part of the journalist." Hence, though Lockhart must have filled volume upon volume with his reviews, very little of Lockhart is to be found embedded in them. When his editor comes—armed with an admirable introduction—to pick out from the lumber of old Blackwoods and Quarterlys the true Lockhart himself, she finds for all her enthusiasm that one slim volume[1] holds all that can now be saved.

Yet the work was well worth doing, both because Lockhart had a bold, vivacious mind which leaked into his reviews in spite of his theories, and then again, though Miss Hildyard rates him too highly as a critic, he is a fine sample of a reviewer and serves to show the nature and function of those creatures whose lives, if they are as gay and giddy as a gnat's, are also as short. Here is one of them who has got himself rather against his will, pinned down in a book, and it is highly amusing to look at him for a moment transfixed. His most necessary quality, it would seem, must be that which in other walks of life would be called, respectfully enough, courage. A new and unknown writer is a very dangerous person. Most of them die at a pinch without a gasp, but some survive and sting, and their sting can be fatal. When Lockhart, we have to remember, saw ranged on his table the usual new books, their names conveyed nothing to him. Keats, Hook, Godwin, Shelley, Brontë, Tennyson —who were they? They might be somebodies, but they might, more probably, be nobodies. It was for him to make the trial and decide the question. Advancing alone with nothing but his own judgment to support him, the reviewer had need of all his courage, his acuteness, his education. He had to switch as adroitly as he could from one subject to another. Mr. Shelley and Mr. Keats, for example, were both poets, and wrote about Greek myths. Godwin and Brontë—Brontë might possibly be a woman—were both novelists; Jeffrey was a critic; Macaulay a historian; Beckford and Borrow were travelers; Coleridge was a poet again, but at the same time a very different poet from Crabbe; somebody had written a book about heraldry; a staff surgeon had published his memoirs; General Nott had written about Afghanistan; and there was also a valuable work about some new method of treating dry rot. All had to be read, sorted, placed, marked good or bad, and commended with a label tied round their necks to the attention or neglect of the public. The public who

[1] Lockhart's Literary Criticism, with an introduction and bibliography by M. Clive Hildyard. London: Basil Blackwell. 6/—.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paid to be told what to read would be justly annoyed if they were told to read the wrong things.

Lockhart was well qualified for the business. He was a highly educated man. He had taken a first at Oxford; he had a considerable knowledge of Spanish literature; and he was more widely read than most young men of his age. All this was in his favor; but there were drawbacks. The Lockharts were an old Scottish family, and when you add an Oxford education to a young man of an old Scottish family you are making it very difficult for him to be just to apothecaries, for example, who think they can write poetry, or to Cockneys who have the temerity to talk about the Greeks. Moreover, Lockhart was one of those quick-witted, indolent people who, as Sir Walter complained, feel the attractions of "the gown and slipper garb of life, and live with funny, easy companions" gossiping and telling stories instead of attending to the serious business of life and making a name for themselves. The doors and windows of his study let in rumors, prejudices, odds and ends of unsubstantiated gossip. With it all, however, he had the makings of a prince of reviewers, and those who have a kindly feeling for the race might well feel forebodings when he and his cronies picked up for review one day in 1820 a new book of poems by John Keats. Keats, Lockhart knew, was a friend of Leigh Hunt, and therefore presumably a Liberal, a Cockney. He knew vaguely that his father had kept a livery stable. It was impossible, then, that he should be a gentleman and not a scholar. All Lockhart's prejudices were roused and he rushed to his doom—the worst that can befall a reviewer. He committed himself violently; he betrayed himself completely. He tried to snuff out between finger and thumb one of the immortal lights of English literature. For that failure he has been gibbeted ever since. No one who sees him swinging in the wind can help a shudder and a sigh lest the same fate may one of these days be his. After all, new books of poems still appear.

And it is plain as we turn over the pages of Lockhart's resurrected reviews that to write about a new book the moment it comes out is a very different matter from writing about them fifty years afterward. A new book is attached to life by a thousand minute filaments. Life goes on and the filaments break and disappear. But at the moment they ring and resound and set up all kinds of irrelevant responses. Keats was an apothecary and lived in Hampstead and consorted with Leigh Hunt and the Cockneys. Shelley was an atheist and had irregular views of marriage. The author of "Jane Eyre" might be a woman, and if so, she was a very coarse one. It is easy to say that Lockhart should have brushed aside these ephemeral accidents and have discussed the books pure and simple, but to him they were not nearly so ephemeral as to us, and, moreover, he was writing for a public that paid him to warn them of political or religious or moral abnormalities. Lockhart could no more have disregarded the prejudices of the subscribers to Blackwoods and The Quarterly than he could have sauntered down Albermarle Street dressed in a tweed cap and plus fours.

But even so, Lockhart was not so far out as might be expected; in other words, he was very often of the same opinion as we are. He saw the importance of Wordsworth and Coleridge; he welcomed Borrow and Beckford; he placed "Jane Eyre," in spite of its coarseness, very high. It is true that he predicted a long life for "Zohrab the Hostage," who has had a short one. Probably because he was a novelist himself his criticism of fiction was erratic, and his enthusiasm for the novels of Godwin and Hook seems to show that they excited his own creative power and thus deflected his critical judgment. Tennyson he bullied with unchastened insolence, but as Tennyson proved by accepting some of his criticism, not without acuteness. In short, the case of Lockhart would seem to show that a good reviewer of contemporary work will get the proportions roughly right, but the detail wrong. He will single out from a number of unknown writers those who are going to prove men of substance; but he cannot be certain what qualities are theirs in particular, or how the importance of one compares with the importance of another.

One may regret, since this is so, that Lockhart fixed his mind so much upon contemporaries and did not give himself the benefit of a wider perspective. He might have written with far greater safety and perhaps with far greater authority upon the dead. But he was a diffident man and a fastidious, and he knew that criticism, to be worth anything, requires more effort and more austerity than he was able to command. All the brilliance of Jeffrey, as he perceived, was not enough "to induce a man of research in the next century to turn over the volumes of his review." And Gifford with his "ill natured abuse and cold rancorous raillery . . . is exquisitely formed for the purposes of political objurgation, but not at all for those of gentle and universal criticism." A reviewer can skim the surface; but there are "matters of such moment that it is absolutely impossible to be a great critic while the mind remains unsettled in regard to them." Because he was aware of this, Lockhart was a good reviewer and content to remain one. But he was too skeptical, too diffident, too handsome and well bred, perhaps; he lived too much under the shadow of Sir Walter Scott, he had too many worries and sorrows and dined out too often to push on into those calm and austere regions where the mind settles down to think things out and has its dwelling in a mood of gentle and universal contemplation. So he was content to go on knocking off articles, and cutting out quotations and leaving them to molder where they lay. But if his reviews show

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their power, their insolence, their very lack of ambition that he had it in him to do better, they also remind us that there is a virtue in familiarity. We lose something when we have ceased to be able to talk naturally of Johnny Keats, to regret the "early death of this unfortunate and misguided gentleman" Mr. Shelley. A little of the irreverence with which Lockhart treated the living would do no harm to our more sober estimates of the dead.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Frank Keeney's Coal Diggers: II

REPRESENTATIVES of the United Mine Workers' Union, which has recently been aroused by the activities of Frank Keeney's independent union, have come down to Montgomery, West Virginia, to try to sign up the miners there. In the northern part of the state the U. M. W. A. has just put through a contract with the operators for a wage rate six cents lower than the wage of thirty-six cents a ton, which is the average in the Kanawha field.

The Keeney union has prepared a questionnaire, which it has had distributed in the streets of the town and handed to the speakers at the meeting. The questionnaire accuses the Lewis machine of having sold out and wrecked the union. The man who passed it out in the streets has been told not to come to the meeting for fear of his getting slugged. He has already been warned by his superintendent that if he should go it would be held against him.

There are about five hundred people at the meeting and half of them are Keeney's men.

In the sweltering Sunday afternoon, they gather in the little ball park between the railroad and a little brick hospital. Immediately behind the hospital rise the green West Virginia hills, the upper half darkened with shadow and above them the white clouds and the blue, limpid sky.

A nurse in white cap and uniform, bright and sharply creased like white paper, passes from one hospital building to another. A girl in a gray frame house rests long bare arms on the windowsill and listens to the speeches a while, then yawns and goes away.

The miners listen standing in blue overalls or gray Sunday pants, their blue or white Sunday shirts open at the throat. Some are Negroes and some are white. The men are silent; the atmosphere is strained; there is no protest and little applause. The two factions are afraid of each other.

On the platform sits a man dressed in black with the aspect of a prodigiously swollen bullfrog. His spectacles, nose and mouth occupy a strangely insignificant space, as if they had been crowded up by an enormous chin and jowl under the straight brim of a soft black hat. He is a local business man who has been asked to preside.

The first speaker is a youngish tubby man who looks as if he would melt lard. He is a salesman: his light-brown hair is parted in the middle and brushed back; he might be a clerk in a Broadway shirt shop or a demonstrator in a department store. He tries to sell them the Lewis contract. "Some people will tell you," he says, "that this contract lowers wages. This contract raises wages—it raises them sixty cents a day! (faint applause from those who don't know that the speaker is reckoning from the lowest known rate) You'll get your eight-hour day—and you'll get a checkweighman—you *bet* you will! And you'll be able to trade at any store you want to! . . . People will talk to you about other unions—but there's only one union for a miner and that's the United Mine Workers of America! (a faint voice: Hurrah for John L. Lewis!). . . People will tell you about those *brave* men up in Ohio—especially at St. Clairsville—those *brave* men who don't fear the Devil himself—who aren't afraid to face tear-gas bombs and nightsticks! And those *brave* men are so *brave* that when they go up against those bombs, they put the women and children first! . . . Now I see some fine colored folks here—and it reminds me of a story I heard about a colored man who was brought before the judge for beating his wife—I see you smile when I say that (bending down and speaking patronizingly and jovially to a Negro just below him)—I hope that you never did anything like that, because this fellah got into trouble! And the judge said, 'Looka here, Rastus, how come you're charged with beatin' your wife?' 'Well,' the colored man said, 'it's this way, Jedge—it seems like she's always askin' me for money—when Ah git up, it's "gimme some money!" when Ah come back from work, it's "gimme some money!" That's all Ah hear, Money, Money, Money! from mawnin' till night!' 'Why,' says the Judge, 'she hadn't ought to do that. What makes her ask that way?' 'Well, Jedge,' says Rastus, 'you see, Ah ain't never give her no money.' And I suppose that's probably the way you folks feel about the operators! Well, we've just made a contract with the operators that guarantees you money—the miners are entitled to a fair wage and the operators are entitled to a fair profit on their investment. . . ."

The second speaker is an older man, with wiry, grizzled hair, who looks as if he might play the roles of dignified fathers and distinguished bankers in a touring provincial stock company: "This little union they talk about puts me in mind of two dudes from the city who went out to the country one day and saw a little hop-frawg. 'Look out!' says one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the dudes. 'You better kill it before it bites us!' 'You kill it,' says the other one. 'I'm scared!' 'Let's let it alone,' says the other one. 'If we let it alone, it'll beat its brains out!' And if you let that little union alone, it'll just beat its own brains out! . . . They say that we want to make money. Ha-ha! (throwing his head back in unconvincing mirth) I don't do this for my salary! Mr. Van Bittner don't do it for his salary! We're doing it for you! We're doing it because we want you to have a fair wage! We're doing it for the mine workers of southern West Virginia! Everything I do and everything I am—(making a climax by leaning down and getting red in the face and shaking his grizzled head into the crowd)—"is for the mine workers of southern West Virginia!"

Finally the speaker of the afternoon gets up—Van Bittner, the man who made the contract. In spite of his neat blue suit, when he takes off his new straw hat he looks as if he had come out of jail: he is partly bald and his hair is cropped close; his eyes and eyebrows are a narrow slit and his mouth is another slit, drawn down at the corners. He was at one time thrown out of his own district, but Lewis has pulled him back into the machine.

"We're here to ask you to join the union!" he declares—he speaks more authoritatively than the others—"the union that was built with the blood of miners!—and of their women!—and of their children!—the United Mine Workers of America! This other little union—who's at the head of it? Who got it up? Short-haired women and long-haired men—Bolsheviks—crank professors who have come down here from New York—Professor Nutsky and Professor Don't-Know-Nothin'-sky and Professor Never-Dug-a-Pound-of-Coal-in-His-Life-sky. . . . I've just been handed some questions signed by miners in this field. I don't know whether they wrote them themselves. I'm glad to have the privilege of standing up here and answering these questions. They ask about this contract. They say that this contract calls for lower wages than non-union companies pay. They'll tell you that the Koppers Company, owned by Andrew Mellon, pays thirty-nine cents a ton. Now you know that a ton when you dig it is a different thing from a ton on the tipple when there's no union checkweighman there. And anybody who wants to go with a yellow-dog wage can go! Which would you rather go with—a man or a yellow dog? I'd rather go with a man any day! And yet some people will talk to you about the Koppers Company—because they're working with the operators to rob you! Now we want you to join the union and sign this contract that stabilizes wages. We want you to start in as a child and then grow up—a child crawls, and then it learns to walk—and then grows up to be a boy—and then grows up to be a man! We can't start in and be grown up right away! . . . I like to talk to miners—and I like to talk to operators. The operators aren't so bad—some of them are kind of dumb, that's all—they don't understand that the miner's got to have a fair wage if he wants to eat. You can't work if you don't eat, can you? And the operator's got to have a fair return on his investment. . . . Somebody's just handed me up a statement about this circular. I can't spend all day answering questions. If anybody wants to ask any questions, he can come round to the offices of the local any day and we'll answer all his questions. . . . We want you to come back to the one union! Give up your little union! Give up your plaything—your hobbyhorse! We know you *will* come back, and when you come we'll stretch out our arms to welcome the prodigal son and we'll give you the fatted calf to eat!—only you mustn't expect it to be too fat at first. Come back to the one miners' union: the United Mine Workers of America—the union that was built with the blood of children! —that was built with the blood of chi-i-il-dren!"

He works up three times to a climax, but the climax always misses: the first time the audience doesn't respond—the second time a train goes by—at last he finishes: the peroration drops, received with inadequate applause. One of the U. M. W. A. sympathizers says that he has never heard Van Bittner do so badly. The questionnaire has taken the wind out of his sails.

Besides, the audience has been uneasy. The U. M. W. A. has been on its guard against the Keeney men who have been expected to start a disturbance. A lieutenant of Keeney's, who has kept his coat on, is suspected of carrying a gun. And one of the Musteites becomes aware that men are circling around him like flies: he gets his back up against the fence. At one point a distraction is caused by the sudden searching of one of the Keeney men: a small group forms around a parked car.

But the meeting breaks up and both sides go quietly away.

In the meantime, Keeney himself has been holding a meeting out of doors in the hills. Men, women and children have turned out and cheered the speeches and shouted the songs.

Frank Keeney is a short man, with a square face and stub-toed shoes. He has a straight black bang down over his forehead, eyes like roughly cut-out fragments of blue bottle-glass, a face deep-seamed as if the battles of the miners had been marked with permanent slashes there, and two solid-gold teeth. It has been said of him that he can talk to operators as if they were miners and that he talks to miners like the captain of a ship. His right-hand man, Brant Scott, had his leg crushed in a mine accident years ago. They amputated at the hospital and turned him out with no compensation, telling him he would never be able to walk again. He has himself, however, devised a cork leg, which is held on by an elaborate harness strapped around the upper part of his body.

Both Keeney and Scott are old Socialists, who got discouraged with Socialism after Debs was put in jail but who still hold fast to their original prin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciples. They took long chances as younger men in 1920, when Keeney was tried for the shootings of the armed march, and now, eleven years later, they have left lives of middle-class security behind them to take their chances again.

Keeney is a true leader of his people. He has the true hypnotic influence of power. Even the passing of a union car with one of the union representatives in it brings a cry of "Frank Keeney" from the streets and the camps. And he for his part must live or die with them.

EDMUND WILSON.

Men Without Machines

V: *The Basic Pattern*

WE HAVE perhaps gone far enough to glimpse the basic pattern of the machineless men of Mexico and to see that it is possible to lead a normal, reasonably creative and rewarding life without thirty slaves of energy at one's elbow. It is true that there is no progress. It is also true that there is no visible, material decay. Such an equilibrium gives a nordic philosopher acute katzenjammer, but that only proves him an indifferent philosopher. These people possess several things the average American would give his eyeteeth to get; and they possess other things completely beyond his purview—human values he has not even glimpsed, so relentlessly has his age blinded and limited him. All of which does not prevent it from being true that machineless men in their turn must sacrifice certain positive goods if they are to maintain their way of life. I could not—you could not—live among them indefinitely and be happy, conditioned as we are. But if a dictator had the power to convert Tepoztlan into Middletown, he would belong in the lowest and hottest corner of hell if ever he gave the word.

Let us briefly summarize the findings of fact set forth in the last four articles, and attempt to get into focus the basic pattern of this handicraft culture. Let us see, furthermore, just how far the machine has cut into it.

Most Mexicans are Indians and they live in villages. The urban population does not exceed 5 percent of all. Around the villages are *milpas,* and the culture is solidly based now, as of old, on maize. These villages, according to Dr. Eyler Simpson, may be roughly divided into two economic groups. A minority will be almost entirely self-supporting, growing and fabricating nearly everything they need. These tend to be the more remote and the more primitive. Far commoner is the village which forms part of a self-supporting region.

Such money as they have, and it is very little, comes primarily from two sources: sale of their surplus products, both crops and handicrafts, outside the region; and the sale of their surplus labor to the mine or hacienda. There are no figures, but I should guess that, eliminating the money which takes the place of barter in regional exchange, not 10 percent of the household budget is bought with cash. Money could be absolutely eliminated, and the region would still be capable of carrying on. Regional products account for perhaps 95 percent of the economic budget of Tepoztlan. The other 5 percent comes from the outside world.

Beyond the economic pattern, yet linked closely to it through the market, is the fiesta with its attendant religious ceremonies. About one day in three, the year round, is devoted to play or worship—the latter very tolerantly defined. The normal locus of the fiesta is the courtyard of the church, with the market immediately adjoining if not in the yard itself. A fiesta is a mosaic of pilgrim shrine, newspaper, shopping center, pagan dance, Coney Island, gambling joint, sidewalk café, camp ground, rodeo, subway jam and Fourth of July.

The inroads of the machine into such a town as Tepoztlan may be simply told. As everywhere, the phenomenon advances in two divisions, material and spiritual: the iron horse and his products, and the behavior patterns he engenders. Of the former we find the following specific machines: sewing machines, one or two phonographs, probably a radio by now, a typewriter in the church, firearms, clocks and watches. We find the following factory and refinery products: cotton cloth, steel tools and implements, printed matter and paper, kerosene, alcohol tins, store clothes, furnishings for the houses of *los correctos, rebosos* and colored handkerchiefs, cheap jewelry, canned and bottled goods, matches, musical instruments.

These things make life in Tepoztlan a little easier, but the interpenetration is so light that, with the exception of cotton cloth, all could be given up without disrupting the economic structure. The town would slide back to the time of Maximilian with no serious dislocations.

In respect to behavior, the impact of the machine age is even more nebulous. Failing that great modifier of habits, the automobile, it consists of a growing stock of new ideas rather than of specific acts. A few Tepoztecans have been to Mexico City, ridden in motor cars, read the newspapers, seen the movies at Cuernavaca. Some have learned not to feel too uncomfortable in the hideous clothes affected by Western civilization. Some doubtless

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look forward to the day when Fords will come chugging for the first time in history upon the cobbled streets of the town. One might conclude that the machine age has affected local behavior hardly at all, but does affect the behavior of Tepoztecans when they are, for example, in Mexico City. A slight mental shift has taken place, but it finds expression only in foreign parts.

In Middletown, for all its location in the Western cornbelt rather than the urbanized East, both machines and behavior flowing therefrom are transcendent. There is one motor car to every five people, a radio in every other house, a wholesale retreat from the kitchen to the delicatessen store, an enormous subdivision of labor to the practical extinction of the jack-of-all-trades, a growing emphasis on money as the measure of all things, a growing uneasiness as to one's economic security, chronic unemployment, declining illiteracy in letters and mounting illiteracy in the knowledge of the worth of the goods one buys, a sharp increase in longevity, a growth in clubs and organizations at about the same dizzy rate which marks the decline in church activity, while "most people over thirty get their recreation sitting down." Middletown in the upswing of the business cycle is a gaudy and in some respects an exciting spectacle. But when the spiral starts downward it is one of the saddest spots on earth.

As new forms of life emerge, new parasites appear for their bedevilment. The business cycle is the microbe specially created to plague, if not ultimately to kill, the vast, sprawling body of mechanical civilization. In this body, Middletown is but a single cell, while Tepoztlan remains aloof and unincorporated, an organic, breathing entity.

The questions before us are two: Should Tepoztlan be incorporated? And will it be incorporated?

To the first we can answer an unhesitating no. In the spring of 1929, two years ago, when Middletonians were watching their stocks, retained on margin, advance ten points a day; when factory fires were roaring—we might have had a shade of hesitation. No judgment was quite sane as the fifth great period of American prosperity drew to its dramatic close. Today it is only too evident that Tepoztlan had better remain aloof until a serum has been develped for the parasites of overproduction and unemployment.

The question as to whether Tepoztlan will be thrust into the system, willy nilly, is at once more complicated and more to the point. Mexico City has been all but pushed in; even little Merida in Yucatan is suffering today—though far less poignantly than Middletown. Mexico as a whole is not a completely self-sustaining area, but, with flattened curve, goes up and down in the business cycle. I do not clearly see the handwriting on the wall which commits Tepoztlan to Western civilization, but I realize that many thoughtful observers do see it. My hesitation rests on topography, on the sublime wantlessness of the Indian, on the strength of the ancient pattern.

Not cash but goods—and frequently, indeed, not goods but happiness and peace of mind—are the prevailing Mexican desire. Values are centered in innately valuable things, rather than in the artificial, unreal things—rows of figures, ink marks on ledgers, pieces of engraved paper—which govern us in the north. To the village Mexican, life lies clear and sharp beneath his eyes, its values uncoated with cash considerations. Yet American business men and bankers go to Mexico to return puzzled if not infuriated. These people, they say, are lazy, shiftless, improvident. They must be taught to save, they must be taught to want more things, they must be taught the value of money. This is all very well from the point of view of the bankers who want interest, and business men who want instalment contracts. But it is exceedingly ill from the point of view of Mexicans. Why should they be made money-conscious to their everlasting torture?

Another psychological asset is the sense of economic security. Many students believe that the greatest single liability of American life is the lack of this sense. Following docilely the advice of our advertisers and our captains of industry, we buy and buy, we spend and spend, ignoring the still small voice of sales resistance. But the uneasy thought of where we are finally coming out will not down. What is going to happen to us in our declining years, when middle age arrives—with factories refusing to hire men over forty? What is going to happen to us in a business slump, if we cannot go a month on our cash reserves? What is going to happen when the boss installs the new machine he is talking about; or when the next merger fastens upon our particular line? What is the use of sending Jim through college when there is a plague of college men in business, and Helen to the school of journalism when there are twice as many students as actual reporters? The house and the car, the overstuffed davenport and the new refrigerator, are all very nice, but they are not paid for yet, and how long are they going to last? . . . This editorial says we ought to spend more. Is our duty never to end?

The future hangs like a great black raven over Middletown. In Tepoztlan the sky is clear. The corncrib takes the place of mortgage and instalment contract. There is no electric refrigerator, but there is economic security.

Finally, we have to note an acute difference between the two cultures which revolves around the word *function*. Handicraft peoples produce only for a specific need; all their output is essentially custom made. Their houses, clothing, utensils are adapted to maximum economy, with no more motions than are absolutely necessary (except when housewives grind corn). On top of prime essentials they demand the ageless human overlay of non-material goods—light, color, dances, music,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

festival, worship—again with maximum economy.

With us, on the other hand, there is no clean-lined functional pattern. With our billion horsepower we can defy our environment—and do. We can even defy our human nature, and do—as when we keep young people from marrying until an average age of twenty-eight. We have a wide margin for experimentation, in the process of which we tend to forget function altogether. We are cluttered up with things essentially meaningless and, being human, we flounder puzzled and perplexed, trying to find the old values which will give meaning back to life.

Tepoztlan has never lost these values. It works, plays, worships, attires itself, composes its dwellings, in the normal rhythm of *homo sapiens* upon this planet, without abnormal effort, without waste. It knows what life is for, because every move it makes contributes to a legitimate function of living. Or better, it never bothers its head about the meaning of life. It lives.

But with all these assets of the spirit, Tepoztlan is no rustic Utopia, as Mr. Redfield in his intensive analysis only too clearly shows. Certain attributes of Western culture could not fail to improve and enrich the processes of living. Properly controlled, only the gloomiest of backward-gazing philosophers would paste a "no trespassing" sign across its gates.

Indeed, there is little question even of proper control involved in applying modern hygiene and sanitation. I should not hesitate to lift this department out of Middletown, and transpose it in toto, minus only the patent-medicine shelves of Middletown's glittering drug stores. The herb doctors may not be so dangerous as their cousins the quacks, but they have served their time.

Again, every Mexican village without exception could stand a reasonably stiff injection of scientific agriculture. An immense amount of dreary work could be avoided by a better knowledge of crops, seeds, fertilizers, irrigation, stock raising, and a larger cash crop grown for ready absorption in Mexican cities—which are now buying corn from Africa, eggs and butter from Texas, vegetables and fruits from California. Mexico could readily be fed entirely from her own soil, but it will need modern science, better tools, steel plows and a few brigades of tractors.

Third, I see no ominous concomitants in a wide extension of electric power, *properly controlled*. There is 6,000,000 horsepower to be derived from water falling down Mexico's mountains, and if a sizable fraction of this were linked to long-distance transmission lines and deployed into the larger villages, we can readily see some excellent uses to which it might be put, including lighting, milling of corn, refrigeration, small motors to operate cottage industries, pumps, and so forth.

A telegraph line and one long-distance telephone could hardly do a village any harm. In an emergency they might do it a large amount of good. There is such a thing as being too independent. At mention of a motor road my eyes drift to the ceiling. It would be both a blessing and a curse. Trucks would save an unconscionable amount of slogging over mountain trails with a hundred pounds on one's back, or steering a plodding burro thereover. Supplies, newspapers, the world outside, could come flooding in. But in that flood, alas, might come car ownership, the annual-model racket, snobbery, motor accidents—Mexicans are even worse drivers than we—high-powered salesmen, confidence men, cheap factory goods and cheap urban ideas.

Movies, talkies, radios, are in the same general category. Sensibly used, as they are in Russia, they could be made instruments of unparalleled educational and social value; the more so as most Mexican villagers cannot read. Used on the Hollywood, sponsored-broadcasting formula, they would be a useless, if not a vicious, expense. Hygiene, sanitation, improved agricultural and handicraft methods, dietetics, could all be enormously stimulated by movies and radio, intelligently directed. News of the world could be communicated, the vast cultural inheritance of Mexico could be graphically shown, the unification of the nation actively promoted. Dreams only. But enough to make it evident that we are not quarreling with the machine as such, nor are sentimentally satisfied with machineless men.

Perhaps it will be forgiven a wayfaring economist if, in closing, he bids farewell to Tepoztlan and the men and women of the free villages of Mexico with these words:

You have in your possession something precious; something which the Western world has lost and flounders miserably trying to regain. Hold to it. Exert every ounce of your magnificent inertia to conserve your way of life. You must not move until you can be shown, by the most specific and concrete examples, that industrialism and the machine can provide a safer, happier, more rewarding existence. No such examples now exist anywhere on earth. The most likely place to look for them, if they are ever to be attained, is Russia. The United States for the moment has nothing to offer you save its medical and agricultural sciences. Hold to your disregard of money, of pecuniary thrift, of clocks and watches, of hustle and bustle and busy emptiness. Hold to your handicrafts and the philosophy of your handicrafts, and watch them jealously in the face of tourists and ignorant exporters. When they debase the work of your hands they debase you. Remember the code of the craftsman in the great civilization from which you descend. You have their honor to keep.

STUART CHASE.

With this article Mr. Chase concludes his series on the agricultural and handicraft culture of Mexico.—THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Forgiving Our Debtors—Progressive Response —Silence from Smith and Roosevelt —Insular Mr. Curtis

SO COMPLETELY has Mr. Hoover's proposal for a suspension of war-debt payments and a moratorium on reparations blanketed everything else in the past ten days that any discussion of party politics has seemed trivial and in bad taste. The attitude of Democratic and progressive leaders toward the President's proposal robbed it of any flavor of politics and made it a non-partisan matter to which the outstanding men of all parties and factions responded in such a way as to ensure national unity behind the United States position.

Not since the War has anything occurred so to obliterate party lines. As I write this, the ultimate result of the proposal is still uncertain, but there seems slight reason for doubting that, despite the apparent inability to get French acquiescence, and the general inscrutable nature of international negotiations, a partial success at least will have been achieved. In any event, Mr. Hoover did succeed in preventing the economic collapse in Germany which another twenty-four-hour delay would have made inevitable, and the social and financial consequences of which would certainly have been felt here as well as in Europe.

While the White House, the State Department, the Treasury and the "corps of correspondents" have been in a lather over the situation, radiating optimism one day and pessimism the next, I have found it interesting as a side line to observe the variegated nature of the response to the presidential appeal from the leading members of the Democratic party and among the progressives.

So far as the latter are concerned, Senator La Follette sounded what seemed to me the right note. Without hesitation he supported the President's proposition, but urged, as he had a right to, the calling of Congress into extra session, not only in order that this moratorium plan should receive congressional ratification at the earliest possible moment, but that Congress might have an early opportunity for the enactment of other measures designed to relieve distress and assist in economic recovery in our own country. In this I thought Mr. La Follette showed his customary sense and indicated the proper progressive position. His proposal has, I think, been adopted by practically all the progressives, including the remote and aloof Borah—but not including the remote and aloof Norris, who, if he has said anything, has said it so unobtrusively that it has completely escaped me.

Speaking of silence on the subject, while the Democratic chorus of non-partisan approval was full-throated and spontaneous, and while Mr. Young was cited by Mr. Hoover in his original statement as approving the plan, it should not be overlooked that up to this moment no one has seen a single commendatory syllable from those two extremely conspicuous Democrats—Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith. Mr. Smith perhaps believes he spoke by proxy when Mr. Raskob upon his return from Europe stated that Mr. Hoover had made a "constructive suggestion" and when Mr. Shouse at Atlanta announced his support of the plan.

A few days after Hoover's statement came out, Governor Roosevelt left, I believe, for Warm Springs, Georgia, where he spends several months of each year for his health. However, he had ample opportunity for comment both before he left and later. Though I do not think it is politically important or significant whether he did or did not comment upon the plan, his failure to do so drew an aggrieved editorial from the highly respected New York Times, which, despite its deeply rooted affection for Mr. Young, had, it seems to me, been reconciled to the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt and was helping him along as much as it could.

To me this appears plain encouragement to the Smith-Raskob-Shouse element to block the Governor if they can. However, I am by no means sure that it can be done, though it is undoubtedly true that the movement to nominate Mr. Young, which for some weeks before this international-debt situation developed had considerably languished, is stronger now than at any other time. The revival, I believe, is based on the belief that economic questions and foreign affairs will play a far greater part in the next campaign than ever before and that the candidate best equipped for dealing with them is Mr. Young.

It is a logical argument all right, but I do not think it is very potent politically. Mr. Young may be nominated, but not because of anything that has happened recently. If he is nominated, it will be because the business, banking and journalistic strength behind him is irresistible. Maybe it is, but we shall have to wait and see.

One other conspicuous public figure from whom there has come no comment on Hoover's proposal is the Honorable Charles C. Curtis, Vice President of the United States. The absence of any comment by Mr. Curtis is not surprising to those who know him, for it does not mean that he is not in political accord with the White House, or has different views in the matter of foreign relations. Mr. Curtis is in complete accord and would not hesitate to say so if asked. The reason he has not commented and the reason this fact arouses no surprise among those who have followed his career, is simply that Mr. Curtis has never evinced any interest in foreign affairs. I have known him, man and boy, for a great many years, and if there is a member of the Senate with less interest and less information about foreign affairs and international matters generally, his name will be new to me.

Mr. Curtis' indifference to other countries is notorious among his colleagues and the "corps of correspondents." One of the best Washington stories concerns Mr. Curtis, a Kansas congressman and a diplomatic appointment to South America, the gist of which was that all South American countries seemed the same to Mr. Curtis and he saw no reason why an appointment to one was not as good as an appointment to another. I do not mean to impute a lack of intelligence to our Vice President. He is intelligent enough about many things. All I do mean to say is that coming from Kansas and being a deep student of domestic politics, his interest in things beyond our borders has never been anything except perfunctory and lukewarm.

Washington. T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascism and Glories

ON MY WAY to the little church in Anticoli I stop beside the parapet outside and look about me. Anticoli is a town of a few hundred only, famous now for sixty years among artists, who like the people there and find among them extraordinary models. The piazza of the town is level; there is nothing otherwise but the streets and lanes winding up and down. Nearby, as I stand looking there, I see in the dusk and the early starlight the country below and all around. Conrad's castle is near, and not far away the castle of the Massimo family, great princes in Rome. Off there is Rome, to the east Sulmona, with its magnificence that seems Spanish and Italian at once, the Abruzzi, with the old costumes and festivals, the towns, the mountain roads and passes of incredible beauty. To the south will lie Naples, Apulia, Basilicata, Sicily and all that classic world. Nearby again are the fields, olives, vineyards, far below me, woods, roads winding out into shadow, lights in the houses. I turn from that scene into the little church.

In the dark interior candles are burning on the altar, and votive lights at a chapel or two; flowers are everywhere, the air is sweet with them. And in a chair by a column, kneeling on the floor with their faces toward the lighted altar, or standing alone, are ten or more peasants, old women, old men, two girls and a young soldier. They are all browned by the sun and in poor clothes, but clean. Their eyes are quiet, some of them are moving their lips, some have their hands crossed in front of them. I will not speak of the lines of their bodies or the look on those faces, most of them worn with labor, come here at the close of the day. After a while I wander out of the church and wait beside the parapet again.

I am waiting there for Mario Toppi, the Anticoli painter, who is coming with his disciple, a little boy of twelve, who works in his studio with him and paints strange, delicate trees, with the Madonna appearing beneath them, sheep by a stream, shepherds with their pipes; he might be a lad of the fourteenth century, a child of the primitives. We are going to see Mario's beautiful old mother, of whom he is very proud. Presently Mario appears, walking along with the priest. They are deep in conversation, the subject of which I know very well. Tomorrow is Corpus Domini and on account of the differences between the government and the Vatican, the Pope has forbidden the procession. You must be in a place like Anticoli to know what that means. For two days people have been making flowers of paper, saving the garden flowers, binding the garlands, in case there should come some relenting at the last moment; for Corpus Domini in Anticoli is the year's most beautiful festa. Perhaps tomorrow in the morning some new order may come. The town is almost in mourning. Some say all this is to spite the government by bringing home to everyone a sense of the state of things in Rome. Some say the Holy Father dreads rioting if the procession happens. Both the priest and Mario know what it means to the people, but neither one says anything imprudent. Mario changes our mood by pointing to the little church, here on the steep slant of the hill; he points to the church overhead, the crypt below, the dwelling under that, the shops on the ground level. Here, he says, we have, on top, Paradise, under that the dead, under the dead the living, under the living the wine-shop. And there behind us the little disciple points out a sort of dungeon with bars across it. It is the old prison, when Anticoli was under the popes; it is horrible even for chickens, he says, they make a coop of it. The two painters go on ahead, talking, and leave me a step behind; they think that very likely I am not anxious to talk.

What Mario said about the little church and the four stages was a mere fancy, but by some vague course it has started off a thought in my mind. This thought now engaging me concerns one of the things that the present government in Italy has to contend with, or, shall we say, at least to consider. One of their problems is the extent to which this country of Italy is full of remembered glories. Here and there, in one place or another, in one class or another, one individual, one profession, one way or another of life, Italy is filled with people who remember—or will not willingly let die, or wish to see returning to its old glory—some power, some civilization, some class, some city or province, some idea, some aspect of life in the world.

Some of the more manifest of these come into my mind at once.

There is, obviously, and at the moment agitated in the news of the day, the Church, with its history: the gradual power in the West, raising its force against the Roman Empire in Byzantium, the wars, the bargaining, the gold, the honors and excommunications, and finally the Papal States, the Pope as an earthly sovereign, the mystery of the temporal and spiritual power, the downfall of the Papal Kingdom, the confiscations of Church properties, the monastic suppressions, the waiting, the inflexible Vatican claims, and at last, not long since, the settlement of the problem, and Vatican City, with its own territory, its new buildings, monasteries gradually waking here and there, and so on and so on, plus the recent differences between the Vatican and the Chigi Palace—the church unable to forget its old power and glory, blazed everywhere in marble over the face of Rome.

There are the great landed families, their castles and acres once like a king's seat. It is not easy to forget such private splendor and privilege. Tourists on trains and through the country in motors are mistaken when they think these walled castles and towers on hills, by rivers, in the heart of villages, are now mere empty shells, landscape for travelers' eyes. These walls have still, hundreds of them, their living owners, who return to them at some season of the year, and remember them with pride, remembering at the same time that particular spot where the family roots run deep into the old earth.

There are the intellectuals, who cannot forget the glories of Italian philosophy and learning, great poets, painters, architects, musicians; nor can they bear the thought of our modern industrialism's covering with its sterile emphasis the splendor of man's creation.

Even in industry there are those who cannot forget the glory of the old Italian crafts, nor work with the shallow skill and shut eyes that would afford commercial products on an easier and more profitable basis. Such as these are doubtless fewer and fewer, but many are still haunted by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old delay of excellence and the love of a life that can feed it.

There are the classicists, unable to forget great Rome, that imperial power covering the known world, that ruthless force and that instinct to govern, that rhetoric and that passion for stone by which temples, palaces and monuments arise. Such as these move on a level of eloquence, and cannot easily think in the plain prose of modern conditions. To the outside world nowadays they have the power to make Italy at one moment splendid and sonorous, at another moment vainglorious and somewhat absurd.

Not far from these are the archeologists and purists, reminded always of the earlier forms that so often lie beneath the surface of Italian town and edifices. They would rip up half of that magnificent and urban Rome, for example, in order to uncover some mound of brick, mere low arches, perhaps, from which the marble facing was long ago taken off for later palaces, or to expose some stupid wall that costs us thus a fine façade of the seventeenth century and proves that on the spot was once the market where Cicero might have bought his fish. If not classic Roman, there is the *trecento* to dream of. What in the eyes of these rememberers could that ever do?

There are the towns and provinces, with their histories, their completeness in themselves, their ancient order and civilization, their dialects, their pride. Venice, Florence, Siena, Assisi, Parma, tiny Pavia, for example; they take their parts in the Italy of today, but can it be easy for them to forget that they were once courts, glorious seats of art, the home of a saint, the great maritime power of the world; or to dream of what may return to them, or what may be taken from them?

These are all profound instances. There is another, sillier but yet not least, so far as regards the reports to be spread abroad, outside of Italy. There are the rememberers of the days when Italy was the tourists' velvet cushion, glorious arts of former epochs, moonlight in the Coliseum, anxiously attentive service, one's own lordly ways and feeling of superiority. Should not these resent, as they draw their checks from their industrial homeland, the taint of industry in this sweet Italy, or the laws that touch them now and then, or the changes that clip the wings of their sentiment?

No need to pursue the list; there is another point to be made and made emphatically. This remembering of some glory or other in Italy is not as if it were all inside one's head, similar, for example, to that charming Teutonic pride in knowing that all blond Greeks should have reminded one of Northern invasions, by which Helen of Troy is plainly German, Frau Menelaus. No such brooding reflections. Of these Italian glories, not always possible to forget, of these glories the proofs are everywhere about you. Marcus Aurelius still bestrides his horse in the Eternal City, bronze and gilt, with those strange, full eyes. Florence is crowded with the Medici's presence: Lorenzo's glory looks down on you at every turn. Venice is its own image. You live in your ancestors' castle, on your family's ancient land. Your popes and miracles and magnificence are still the basilicas and tombs and obelisks and the fountains whose water is no more of today than it was of yesterday. There is music even in the silence; and nothing great that has not proved itself and found itself a body. The glory that is remembered seems never to have passed.

How shall a government bring all these remembrances into a single element? If from the surrounding world of nations there comes a pressure on Italy to become one force, one nation, to take its place among the striving, unsettled nations, how shall she best meet it? How much of all these things I have spoken of should be forgotten, or in what way wisely remembered? How far, if many of these nations, distraught with their own state, confusion or failure, come eventually on the rocks, how far will these remembered glories be a strength in Italy? Who knows? The judges of Italy these days, nevertheless, may well reflect upon these things.

Meanwhile, as I walk along, I know that there in the little church these people still are. They are the flesh and bone of Italy. I know what they remember. It is outside the stir of nations, and hard to combine with them. It has little to do with the Vatican and Vatican ambitions. What they remember is a kind of glory of God, which is their bread.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

"Let Us Have Bread!"

SIR: I have just seen a fifteen-year-old boy, lithe, tanned, gaunt, fall to earth fatally wounded at the Vesta No. 4 mine at Richeyville.

I stood in a driving downpour with 2,000 men, women and children, while Mike Philipovitch of Arnold City, a storekeeper sympathetic to the miners, was buried with five bullets in his body. I heard from a reporter, as the priest intoned the final liturgy, that the killers of this man had already been released on $5,000 bail. And miners charged with disorderly conduct must also put up $5,000 bail.

I stood in the darkness last night on the slopes of the mountains of western Pennsylvania while more than a hundred miners prepared their day's strategy of picketing. Before dawn next morning I saw them go from house to house awaking the sleeping miners with cries of "Picket line, picket line! All out to the picket line!" Their cries echoed in the hollows of the mountainside.

I saw sleepy miners come out into the roadway and fall into line. I saw their wives come out with them. And children, wide-eyed, eager, straggle on after their elders, half running, half walking to the picket line. They are well aware of the muzzles of the deadly guns waiting for them, of the iron hoofs of the mounted police, of the fearful gas to be released into their lungs and eyes. But they hasten to the picket line unafraid.

The strike sweeps ahead. To date 550 miners, their women and children included, have been arrested. Bail set for them has exceeded one million dollars. Three miners, at the time of this writing, have been killed. Nineteen are dying or seriously wounded. More than 2,000 have been gassed, clubbed and ridden down by the horses of the state police.

And the casualties on the other side? The coal operators' armies to date have suffered not one death. In fact, not one serious injury. The miners have been utterly unarmed. Sometimes they have picked stones off the high-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way to shower at jeering scabs riding in under protection of state police, coal-and-iron police and the deputies.

The National Miners' Union, affiliation of the Trade Union Unity League, the American section of the Red International of Labor Unions, leads the strike. Bitterly assailed by all of Pittsburgh's dominant groups, it has the support of the great majority of the miners. The United Mine Workers, the darling now of the coal operators, has won the emphatic hatred of the rank and file.

"They sold us out," is the common plaint. "They work in with the coal company," one hears from Avella to Westmoreland County.

The victory depends on bread. If relief is forthcoming, the miners will win. Their cupboards, bare before the strike, hold only strike leaflets. Their children, hungry before the strike, feed on the fury of the picket line. Their bread and drink now is a struggle for organization, for life itself. "Relief! If we get bread we'll stay out a hundred years!" a hungry miner at Avella told me.

The fight against starvation can only be lost by starvation. Unless bread arrives at the office of the Pennsylvania-Ohio Striking Miners' Relief Committee at 611 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the strike will be lost.

"Let us have bread!"

JOSEPH NORTH.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE

Personal Liberty and Prohibition

SIR: I am delighted with your leader "Liberty from What?" and particularly with the final sentence, as follows:

> We, both as a society and as individuals, need the power to suppress and control those meaningless liberties which conflict with the possibility of a truly humane and scientific social order, one in which the individual may find his true fulfilment without treading on the happiness and even the very lives of his fellows.

Having been entirely out of harmony with your analysis of the prohibition situation and your querulous attitude toward the whole proposition, may I beg you to recast your editorial policy on prohibition in the light of the above very happy sentence.

Philadelphia, Pa. FRANCIS R. TAYLOR.

[The New Republic's opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act has never been based on adherence to abstract rights or liberties We are not in sympathy with those who oppose prohibition on such grounds. Some of the chief difficulties with prohibition are: (1) It does not work. (2) It is an attempt to forbid a private habit which is not regarded as harmful by millions of individuals who practise it. Prohibition is in a different category from control of economic institutions which do not result so directly from the free choice of individuals as does drinking, because it cannot be enforced before convincing an overwhelming majority of these individuals that it is desirable. (3) The attempt to enforce a generally violated and violable law wastes political energies, favors hypocrisy and corruption and diverts attention from more important issues. If drinking alcoholic liquor were as generally disapproved as are murder, robbery, theft or even reckless driving, laws directed against it would be entirely justifiable. The elementary task of the prohibitionists, never yet performed successfully, is that of persuasion. State monopoly or control of liquor would be just as much a violation of abstract liberty as is prohibition, but would probably be more nearly enforceable because supported by more general opinion in Wet communities.—THE EDITORS.]

For Workers' Children

SIR: The month of June marked the eighth birthday of Pioneer Youth of America, a working-class undertaking which has come to be recognized as one of the most significant expressions of the workers' educational movement. Pioneer Youth conducts an experimental camp in the foothills of the Catskills which a group of trade-union representatives and leaders in the progressive educational movement established for workers' children as a child-sized community.

Parents interested in a non-profit-making social-camp community for their children, and individuals wishing to make its facilities available for workers' children requiring scholarships, are invited to communicate with Pioneer Youth of America, 45 Astor Place, New York City.

E. C. LINDEMAN,
Chairman.

New York City.

Rolfius and Miss Millay

SIR: Three or four years ago I recall seeing in the correspondence department of your magazine some Latin verses attributed to one Georgius Rolfius, an obscure poet who was alleged to have flourished *circa* 649 A. U. C. These verses seemed to me not without merit, but I was puzzled to find no reference to the author in any of the standard authorities, nor anyone else who could enlighten me with positive information, although I did hear from a Guggenheim scholar, who had it, I think, from the Sitwells or Ezra Pound, that there was an entire ms. of the poet in an obscure monastery somewhere in Ireland.

Now I have just received from the abbot of St. Columba's in Dearmach the following verses, also said, on good authority, to be ascribable to this poet:

> At, morose, dies veniet cum, murmure nullo,
> concubio obscuro mecum erit iste torus.
> sanguine torrenti aut potius rubigine sicco
> venis exesis serius a venies.
> serius a venies cui nunc in caespite verna
> suavia vilia sunt, concubitusque nefas:
> nocte perobscura, mea lux, sub caespite eadem
> mecum eris et mixtis ossibus ossa teram.
> durior hic multo lepido, violentior ille
> suavio quam sudor corporeusve calor;
> frigida non stuprum vitabunt oscula foedum,
> nox non sola aderit conscia, crede mihi.
> Vitae nullus adest socius, refugique clientes
> amisso domino, deseruere domum.

What makes this find all the more remarkable is that Miss Millay could not possibly have seen these verses at the time she wrote her sonnet beginning "Yet in an hour to come, disdainful dust,"—(VIII in the "Fatal Interview" sequence).

I am nowise an expert on elegiac verse, and so content myself with passing on to your readers the question as to whether or no we may not be on the trail of a literary phenomenon which requires some further investigation.

ANSON K. SNOLE.

New York City.

[Despite Mr. Snole's evident erudition, he seems unaware of the fact that this poem attributed to Georgius Rolfius is itself a flagrant plagiarism. It follows, except for certain minor changes in the third and sixth lines, a poem by an obscure writer who lived in Lugdunum about the time of Martial. This obscure poet, it has been proved, himself lifted the poem from the Greek Anthology, where it was attributed to Pluton, though several scholars have demonstrated the fact that its real author was a Chinese priest who flourished during the Yea-Bo Dynasty. It is naturally difficult to establish the truth of this theory, but Mr. Fenollosa, in his famous study of Chinese literature, brings up irrefutable evidence that Li, the Chinese priest, had himself been influenced by Miss Millay's sonnet sequence, "Fatal Interview."—THE EDITORS.]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D. H. Lawrence's Last Story

The Man Who Died, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 103 pages. $1.75.

THERE have always been at intervals in literary history writers with a mania for the role of prophets and teachers; this mania seems to be more widespread at present than it has ever been before. It is hard to say when it first seized hold of contemporary literature—perhaps Wells and Havelock Ellis began it in English; perhaps it was taken over from Russia with Tolstoy. In Lawrence's case this role helped him to obtain a great contemporary reputation, but as an artist it did him serious damage. He set himself up through some inner compulsion as the prophet of sex, and he pursued the subject through every possible phase in all his books until finally, in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "sex blots out the universe," as Middleton Murry says in his book on Lawrence, "Son of Woman." Parenthetically one might also say that in Murry's own book sex blots out the universe. Lawrence applied sex as a sort of cure-all for every malady of the soul, an occupation to be pursued almost to the exclusion of all others. Every possible vagary of sex was exemplified in his characters, especially that form of sexual neurasthenia where hate and love are practically the same thing. His attitude, too, on the whole, had a great deal in common with that of the autobiographic character who enters so frequently into Wells's novels, viz., that "love was something that might come into a sexual relationship," but apparently, mostly, did not, and never, by any chance, that sex was something that might come into a love relationship.

Odd as it may seem to many admirers of Lawrence, the influence of Wells was apparent in many of his books; it was evidently one of those which seized him early in life and left its traces on him for long. His style is frequently dotted with the characteristic Wellsian vocabulary—"stark," "stripped," "starkly himself," "the new human relationship," and also, frequently, the peculiar Wellsian use of "dark" and "black," so that whole paragraphs in certain of his books might have been written by the author of "The New Machiavelli."

Nevertheless, in spite of his style, often strident and vulgar, often overburthened with luscious words, he attained in much of his work a beauty so strange, he had a power of penetration into the minds of others often so sure and so sensitive, that he did indeed add a little world of his own to the known worlds of literature. But he frittered away his genius in preaching, in allowing his mind to be corroded by perpetual sensuality—a mystic sensuality, maybe—and by a perpetual concern with women and what he could get out of them and what he failed to get out of them that became an obsession. It is an obsession that damages this last beautiful story of his, "The Man Who Died." Middleton Murry, in what seems to be a deliberately, consciously treacherous book, gives us to understand that in this story Lawrence wishes to identify himself with Jesus, and that he "sets himself to destroy Jesus." There seems to me more than a reasonable doubt that he meant the story to be about Jesus at all, though he uses some of the incidents of the Gospel story. As a matter of fact, the tale has one of those universal patterns which in some form or another, under some symbol or another, has been used in many literatures. In a bald statement of its content it is almost the history of Everyman. A man arrives at about the middle of the journey of his life, the *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita* of the "Inferno," gets himself, through the consequence of his past, in a tomb or a cell or a dark wood, out of which he is successfully led by a guide who presents himself to him. Then he realizes that his youth with its idols and idealism and mistakes is over; it seems now the merest folly, and all the misfortunes into which he was brought by the life he led seem deserved. He scatters his past to the winds and sets out to begin life over again on a different plane. Almost the tale of Everyman, except that Everyman, if he ever does reach the stage of consciousness when he knows himself to be in a dark wood or a tomb or a cell, is seldom able to get out of it—like the young cock in Lawrence's story, he is tied by the leg. "He was tied by the leg and he knew it, body, soul and spirit were tied by that string." The Man Who Died, however, frees himself from his past and the cock from his string; and both the man and the little animal enter into what seems to be exactly the same sort of paradise. This, his last published story, slender as it is, is very important for those who would understand the mind of Lawrence: it contains the essence of whatever wisdom he finally extracted from life, knit up with his own individual philosophy.

The story has a sort of mock-heroic resemblance to the "Divine Comedy" as well as to the Gospel story. The Man Who Died, nowhere given a name, is one who devoted his life to a mission among men, gave them all he had to give, took too little in return, met the fate of all too-great givers, and was betrayed by a follower and sent to his death. He comes to himself in the dark tomb like Dante in the dark wood; like Dante he emerges in bitter pain to the light of day in the beginning of the morning. A vigorous young rooster who becomes for him the symbol of passionate life takes the place of the leopard in the "Inferno"; a peasant takes the place of Dante's Virgil and leads him to safety, where he partly recovers from his wounds. Then he wanders back to the tomb, sees for the last time some of those who had part in his dead life, and sets out on his wanderings into the world—"For nothing is so marvelous as to be alone in the phenomenal world which is raging and yet apart." He gets himself a philosophy and a lady who exemplifies the philosophy. A priestess of Isis, "a woman entangled in her own dream," takes the place of Beatrice, and they enter into a sort of paradise. The difference in the lady, the difference in the philosophy, the difference in the sort of paradise, is the difference between this little comedia and the great comedia, and the difference between the disillusionment of our time and the faith of Dante. For Lawrence's wanderer is the creation of a man of minor genius, of but little spirituality, and his philosophy is that of an unbelieving age, depending as it does on the notion that only some good arising from the satisfaction of the body is worth while and brings happiness. But although Lawrence was a man of minor genius, what he had was real genius, and he has left behind him pages that for his contemporaries at least are memories for life. Often those pages where he forgot himself and his sensuality and wrote of something outside were the ones in which his inspiration and vision seem surest: few who read it can forget "The Woman Who Rode Away," where he showed once more his power of evoking the dim, spiritual history of a race—something which he had accomplished before in pages of "The Lost Girl," where he was able to make us understand that behind the conversation, the life, the habits of a few Italian mountain men lay the far-off inheritance, the lost sophistication of the Roman Empire. There is no doubt, as I have said already, that he added a little world to the known worlds of literature, and a bit of it may sur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vive for some time to come. But most of it is not quite strong enough to resist the assault of that artillery with which time tries to destroy all things made by man.

MARY M. COLUM.

—And a Story About Lawrence

Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence, by John Middleton Murry. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 367 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK about D. H. Lawrence is not a biography; it is a wake. The body of Lawrence is in one corner, the face green, haggard, the sickly red beard covering the space below the hollows where the cheekbones rise and the narrow chin. Two candles at the head and two at the feet. Middleton Murry is in another corner, chair tilted against the wall, one fist upon a bare deal table. His face is flushed and he is talking about his friend, his quiet friend across the room in the other corner. It seems inevitable that Murry, in speaking about his friend, should talk about himself, should, in effect, complete his own autobiography, started some time ago in a discussion about God. He had to say more. He was impelled to write this book in the same way that he was forced to recreate God and Jesus in his own image.

For the first time since Lawrence's death in 1930, one realizes that Lawrence is dead, irrevocably dead, and that other men are talking about him now. It is Murry's turn today; perhaps Aldous Huxley will have something to say later. These two were his friends, two men of the sort England produces nowadays, sensitive and overcivilized products of the upper middle classes. In point of time their lives ran parallel to Lawrence's. All three had known that strange, preternatural lull in England before the War, then the impact of the War itself, and finally the greater catastrophe of the post-war period. It is the post-war period that explains John Middleton Murry, the protagonist of his own book on Lawrence. If anyone represents the post-war state of mind in England today, it is Murry, who was lost and still is something of a lost child crying bitterly in the wilderness. He would deny the bitterness, saying that he has found Jesus, God, John Keats and Shakespeare—a queer but safe collection for Middleton Murry to lay hands on in the darkness. The four, particularly Murry's God and Jesus, would reject Lawrence and did; Murry was forced to follow suit. Murry could not put Lawrence out of his mind, for Lawrence was his anti-Christ and the symbol of the Romantic spirit toward which he was irresistibly drawn.

Sitting with God and Jesus on either hand, eyes bright, face glowing, Murry undertakes the necessary business of saving his soul and explaining Lawrence. He denies that he is judging Lawrence and swears in a brief foreword that Lawrence cannot be judged but only loved. His purpose is to recreate Lawrence, his dead friend in the far corner of the room, not from his personal experience with him, but from Lawrence's own writing, fragments of his essays, novels, poems. Such is to be the plan of the book: Lawrence by Lawrence, with footnotes over the signature of John Middleton Murry. What happens is something that is almost a reversal of Murry's own proposal. It is true that there are liberal quotations from Lawrence throughout the volume, long passages from "Sons and Lovers," "The Rainbow," "Fantasia of the Unconscious," "Aaron's Rod." But they are quoted as neat rebuttals in a long argument sustaining Murry. Another curious thing happens: Murry as the actual protagonist of the book becomes a character out of one of Lawrence's novels. Whenever Lawrence walks away from Murry, Murry is the bitter little child, clinging desperately to the long robes of his divine guides.

See Murry's Lawrence, the anti-Christ, the defeated Lawrence, the sex-ridden Lawrence in the shadow of his mother's illicit, shameful love, hated by all women and hating woman, even with his last breath and particularly in "Lady Chatterley's Lover." This is Murry's Lawrence, weak, trembling because the curse of God is upon him, a man who can find no life of the spirit and must seek flesh, run to women, who in turn find no satisfaction in him and will bear him no children. He turns to men to complete his relationship with women, only to fail again. Some of this is true, but the biographer feels it necessary to state the story in terms of Lawrence's downfall, to say that Lawrence is damned and Murry saved. The Lawrence of factual life is merely a shadow. Lawrence as a collier's son, surviving against early poverty, deeply marked by his social environment and later by a struggle against an incurable disease, is wiped out of the picture. The relationship of Lawrence to Murry, or rather the result of a broken friendship with Murry, becomes the real motive of the biography. There was a time when each man needed the other. One gathers, though Murry attempts to put the reverse face on the matter, that Murry stood in greater need. At all times, Lawrence felt keenly the essential loneliness of human beings. His way out was the language of sex. It was natural for him to reach toward Murry, and then, coming into contact with Murry's embryo Jesus hidden in the darkness, to withdraw. Murry was left behind and very much alone. Lawrence, equally lonely, had other business in hand. He felt, first of all, the demand to write himself out before the end, before death would trick him into silence. There seems to be a practical motive for his desertion of Murry and The Adelphi. Lawrence needed the warm sun of New Mexico and Italy to prolong physical life. England to Lawrence became an actual symbol of death. Murry was post-war England, the product of a civilization already smelling of the grave. Now Lawrence is dead and Murry is talking. His friend is quiet; there is no answer.

HORACE GREGORY.

The Nonexistent Russians

Why Recognize Russia? by Louis Fischer. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 298 pages. $2.

MR. FISCHER tries very hard to be fair in stating the argument against recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States. He succeeds only moderately, for he omits the strongest argument of all, namely, the contagious nature of Sovietism. Almost every important correspondent dispatched to Russia, whether from England or America, ended by becoming well disposed toward the new regime; I need only mention the names of Phillips Price, Arthur Ransome, William Henry Chamberlin, Walter Duranty and Louis Fischer himself. In one of Mr. Wilson's private little wars, an expedition of some 5,000 American troops under the command of General Graves was sent into Siberia; the sentiment of that force, from the commanding general down, became anti-Japanese, anti-White and to a certain degree pro-Red. The French interventionists fared even worse, for they had to suppress regular mutinies among their soldiers and sailors. A regime so contagious is indeed a menace, and should be avoided by all decent, God-fearing governments.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our government, however, has not been content with avoiding all contact with the Soviet, but has engaged, off and on, in a little anti-Soviet propaganda. The bulk of the $187,000,000 loaned to the Kerensky government is generally understood to have been spent in forwarding military supplies to Kolchak and other Tsarist generals; that is why we are expecting the Soviet to pay this "debt." During the Polish-Russian war, in 1920, our government advanced to the Poles some $30,000,000 of war supplies. In March, 1921, Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, declared that the economic rehabilitation of Russia required the "abandonment of their present economic system." In the same month Mr. Hughes, then Secretary of State, declared that Russia could not become productive "without the recognition of firm guaranties of private property, the sanctity of contracts and the rights of free labor." In December, 1923, Mr. Coolidge declared in a message to Congress that our government did not propose to enter into relations with the Soviet government until the latter had repented of its sins. Referring to the New Economic Policy, he said: "Already encouraging evidences of returning to the ancient ways of society can be detected. But more are needed." That is why we demand that the Soviet abstain from interfering in our affairs. Since then the Soviet has become more incorrigible than ever, and we pretend to ignore it more than ever. In the dispute between Russia and China over the Manchurian railroad in 1929, it was reported on good authority that Mr. Stimson, our Secretary of State, tried to form a bloc of the Powers against Russia. When he failed in this, he tried to invoke the Kellogg Pact against Russia; again he failed. That is the way we ignore the Soviet. The Tsarist consul-general in New York, who was appointed to this office in 1913, is still recognized by Washington as the Russian consul-general in New York. The name of the financial attaché of the Tsarist and Provisional governments' embassies in this country still appears on the official diplomatic list in Washington. In sum: the Russian revolution is not like the American revolution; hence it is *verboten*—in Washington; hence it never occurred—in Moscow.

Impossible? Absurd? Not at all. *Credo quia absurdum.*

HERMAN SIMPSON.

High Schools—in 1960

The Practice of Teaching in the Secondary School, by Henry C. Morrison. University of Chicago Press. 688 pages. $4.

Private and Public Secondary Education, a Comparative Study, by Leonard V. Koos. University of Chicago Press. 228 pages. $2.50.

American Secondary Schools in 1960, by David Snedden. New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers' College, Columbia University. 122 pages. $1.50.

PROFESSOR Morrison's book is a new edition of his treatise on secondary education, which was first published in 1926. The book has already become so well known that little need be said to indicate its scope. It would be impossible, however, to endorse too highly, or in the present state of education to emphasize too frequently, Dr. Morrison's main contention that "lesson learning" and the whole apparatus of the traditional recitation are not only useless but, as often as not, pernicious. Dr. Morrison again and again insists that any effective education consists in real adaptations on the part of the pupil, and that, in every case, the teacher has no right to be satisfied unless he is reasonably sure that the intended adaptation has taken place. Marks, credits and passing grades are obstacles to the achievement of this end. They "generate an attitude toward life in which 'getting by' and humbuggery are conspicuous elements."

It is to be regretted that a book whose influence is, on the whole, so beneficent, should be marred here and there by what the present reviewer can only regard as a rather smug conventionality in matters of morals and religion. In an age when religion and patriotism alike have received severe and well merited criticism, and are regarded by not a few who are neither shallow nor wicked as obstacles to human happiness, it comes as something of a shock to read of "shallow books calculated to destroy the student's faith in God, his country and his fellow men."

The book by Professor Koos is an attempted factual comparison of private and public secondary schools, and the method used is statistical. We learn that there is a genuine preference for private schools among their patrons; that the proportion of children attending private schools has declined as the provision of free education has increased; that children in private schools have, on the whole, higher "scholastic aptitude"; that, in general, their academic achievement is superior; that the curriculum in the private schools is more rigid and more academic; that a larger proportion of the teachers in private schools have higher degrees; and that, as a rule, the students from private schools do not do quite so well in the colleges as the students from the public schools. These conclusions are all, no doubt, true and perhaps they are important, but two comments suggest themselves. In the first place, a parent choosing a school would hardly decide between a private and a public school by a consideration of which type is better, taking the country as a whole. He would presumably choose the school which was better in his particular locality. In the second place, I am impressed by the fact that the book does nothing to indicate, for example, which type of school does most to promote independent thinking on the part of its pupils; which does least to inculcate undesirable superstitions; which is least subject to political and other irrelevant influences in choice of textbooks and the appointment and promotion of teachers; and which is doing most to produce citizens capable of living in and sustaining a civilized community.

Dr. Snedden's book needs to be read twice: first, with a view toward mastering its incredible vocabulary, and then to understand the author's ideas. When Dr. Snedden wishes to say that students organize extra-curricular activities because they enjoy them, he says they are "initiated and popularized among students because of their primarily proximate functionings in enriched satisfactions." Of course, the book is supposed to be written in the year 1960 by a Chinese commission sent to report on American Secondary Education. It is, therefore, possible that the style is also intended to be prophetic. There has been a great increase in the use of educational jargon during the last few years, and I suppose it may well increase in popularity among those who mistake obscurity for profundity. However, we learn that by 1960 no child will attend school before the age of nine, that vocational education will be banished altogether from the high school, that the curriculum will have been thoroughly overhauled, and that nothing will be offered in the high school "the actual functionings of which, in effects of known worth, could not be objectively established." By 1960, it is clear that psychology will have made great strides, for out of an immense multitude of "appreciational" and "civistic" courses, including

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"friendly letter writing," "business letter writing," "make-up pronunciation," "short-story fiction," "five of this year's biographies," "ten readable dramas," "the wonders of synthetic chemistry," "historical antecedents of present-day problems of preventing crime and other social diseases," "the uses and abuses of political parties," etc., it will be possible for those concerned with "guidance" to select for each pupil that particular curriculum "the actual functionings of which, in effects of known worth, can be objectively established."

I often wonder how many of those who compile these highly scientific programs, and envisage with such apparent ease a time when every moral and intellectual trait is a scientific objective reached by known and certain methods, and are even able to foresee these methods, have actually watched with friendly sympathy the real development of real children. There is nothing in Professor Snedden's book to indicate that, in 1960, it will still be true that the personality of the teachers and the atmosphere of the school will be of profound importance in the promotion of those intangible values which are the root of successful educational endeavor, and which tend to appear in our children at the most unexpected times and places. I do not really believe the time is rapidly approaching when a teacher working with his pupil will be analogous to a mechanic repairing a motor car. Sanderson of Oundle almost adopted as his school motto Christ's saying: "I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." I suggest that all professors of education who have, during the last few years, been devoting themselves so exclusively to "objectivity" should be compelled to spend a Sabbatical year in meditation upon this saying. W. B. CURRY.

Thin Pickings

Big Town, by Philip McKee. New York: The John Day Company. 278 pages. $3.

WHEREVER you find four corners, passably built up, in this land of ours, you find one of them occupied by a drug store, before which, after seven in the evening, the drug-store cowboy *(dessin par Leyendecker)* plants himself to razz the passers-by. Lately, one reflects after reading books like "Big Town," this typically native pattern has been projected into the cultural realm. Now, at numerous cultural four corners, cultural cowboys *(dessin par Covarrubias)* lounge superiorly to razz the entire works.

The cultural drug-store cowboy follows his village prototype in embracing a sophistication composed about nine parts of rhetoric and one part of pose. And the rhetoric is precisely similar in principle and operation to that of the Main Street loafer. That is, it conforms pantographically to a rhetorical accretion which identifies itself with the idea of sophistication in the ear of the general; and hence it gains the effect of perspicacity, archness, irony, when—considered in terms of sense, trimmed of its type reference—it is painfully parabolic and even downright dumb.

The top reach in this direction in "Big Town" is probably achieved in the following sequence:

> Faith is prevalent, too, among the devotees of the new as well as the old-time religions. There was, for instance, a recent lady-convert to Christian Science who had passed through ten years of matrimony without adding a sprig to the family tree. Shortly after her conversion *she began to entertain certain anatomical suspicions. . . .*

That is what I mean. There is plenty more of it, too, where that came from. It is of such verbal wiseacreism that most revoltee sophistication consists.

For the rest, the assumptions of the cultural drug-store cowboy are as stereotypically fixed as are those of his village prototype. Bankers are hypocrites, whores heroines. The picture of the "Big Town's" foremost wholesaler of sexual intercourse is indistinguishable from that of "Dolly of Louisville" or any of a dozen others to reach publication in the past decade. Granting that it's all true, why should it be insisted on so endlessly? It has become tedious, and the coincidence already is too astounding to be credible. I am the last to doubt the predominant power of the profession on the practitioner. A money merchant or note shaver, to my mind, is likely to be a hypocrite. But after all, is it plausible that running a sporting house invariably begets in the enterpriser a star-gemmed nobility of soul? A few more such portraits, and the nation's news hounds will start to muckrake the careers of the nation's madams, and the nation's presses will pour forth a hemorrhage of biographical exposures of venalities unsuspected, pettinesses unknown. I appeal to the revoltees to lay off the one-night matchmakers; the nation's folklore has suffered enough already.

"Big Town" attempts to picture the chief phases of community life in a typical Midwest city. It flops, when all is said and done, because it impresses one as being thin pickings from a field already worked over in vastly richer style. MURRAY GODWIN.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

THE INFERNO OF DANTE, translated into English verse by Lacy Lockert. *Princeton University Press. 252 pages. $2.50.*

Granting even the explanations and apologies made in the introduction, this new translation of Dante's "Inferno," into terza rima, has none of the distinction attaching to Norton's prose translation or Henry Johnson's blank verse. The prosodic difficulties of writing terza rima in English, the archaic usages, the inversions of whole lines, the circumlocutions made necessary by the verse form, all are obstacles to a distinguished translation, and none of them has been overcome. With acknowledgments to their authors, the present translator retains lines and sections from previous terza-rima translations; it is only fair to say that these are no more satisfactory than his own. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for example, did no better with the Francesco da Rimini passage than the present translator has done with other sections here rendered into terza rima for the first time.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

FOLLOWING THE PRAIRIE FRONTIER, by Seth K. Humphrey. *Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 265 pages. $2.50.*

The author of this first-hand account of the settling of the Middle West, with its heroisms and its attendant evils of incompetence and governmental mismanagement during the messy 70's and 80's, tends at once to despair and naïvely exult over progress beyond pioneering days. But this does not prevent his story from being a remarkable document. The vantage point of a loan agent traveling through the newly settled territories of Nebraska and the Dakotas has its worth; for he moves from contact with the Boston office to contact with the lowliest prairie poor-farmer. The admission of North and South Dakota to the Union, the endeavors of the Anti-Saloon League, the opening of the Cherokee strip, are only incidents in a valuable historical document and an exciting narrative.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOVE-CHILDREN: A Book of Illustrious Illegitimates, by Miriam Allen de Ford. *New York: The Dial Press. 322 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

This work relates, with a wealth of needless detail, the life stories of eight famous illegitimates: William the Conqueror, Alexander Hamilton, Erasmus, da Vinci, d'Alembert, Borodin, Strindberg and the younger Dumas. In the short preface, and again in the shorter conclusion, the author argues that children born out of wedlock deserve popular recognition as potentially useful members of society. If, as Miss de Ford asserts, there are some 2,880,000 persons of illegitimate birth in the United States today, "Love-Children" would seem sure of a sympathetic reception.

SCHOPENHAUER, PESSIMIST AND PAGAN, by V. J. McGill. *New York: Brentano's. 312 pages. $4.*

If this biography dealt with anyone but a philosopher, the attention to Schopenhauer's "pagan" activities—his didos in Venice, his comical relations with his novel-writing mother, etc.—might not seem overbalanced. In the account of them, there is much good writing, and considerable liveliness. But there is a difficulty in writing the biography of a philosopher which the author of Schopenhauer's has not completely overcome: that of making the man's philosophical activities as important in the account of his life as they were for the man himself.

Philosophy and Religion

THE *DE SACRAMENTO ALTARIS* OF WILLIAM OF OCKHAM, edited by T. Bruce Birch. *Burlington, Iowa: The Lutheran Literary Board. 285 pages. $3.50.*

William of Ockham is the spiritual father of Protestantism, much of modern philosophy and political theory. His influence has been explicitly acknowledged by Luther, while his various theories of hypotheses, signs, knowledge, the nature of the will and the place of faith, reason and authority have been more or less incorporated in the philosophies of Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Russell, James, the voluntarists, sensationalists and idealists. The present work is a careful translation of one of his rare, difficult and more important writings. Despite his undeniable influence, his work reveals that the wisdom extracted from or read into a man is sometimes greater than what he actually possesses, and that to be a heretic is not necessarily to be a great philosopher.

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD, Their Nature and Their History, by Professor Carl Clemen and others. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 482 pages. $4.50.*

A symposium which concerns itself with the major religions of the ancient and modern world is well conducted by Professor Carl Clemen of the University of Bonn, whose own essay on prehistoric religion is, according to the method he adopts, one of the ablest interpretations of religious history in the volume. The attention given to the various oriental and occidental religions is general rather than specific, a limitation made necessary by the scope of the study. Christianity receives what is, in comparison with the other religions, perhaps the most disappointing treatment, at the hands of Professor Clemen Seeberg.

HUMAN VALUES, by Dewitt H. Parker. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 415 pages. $2.50.*

This book affirms two theses: first, that the study of ethics cannot be separated from the study of other human values or interests, such as knowledge, art and religion; and second, that human values, for all their relativism of standards, express certain psychological invariants which may be exhibited objectively. "These fundamental values," to quote from the author, "play a part in the moral world corresponding to the fundamental equations in the theory of relativity. For example, success is such a value, which appears in every organized culture, integrating the life of the individual around it, although the ways by means of which it is attained differ. Health, love and religion are other such values. In terms of these values we can 'understand' not only our own, but also other civilizations, even though their institutions and laws are very different from ours." . . . Few will be disposed to quarrel with the first thesis. The second, which guides the author's inquiry into contemporary ethics, shows up not very successfully. Professor Parker gives us in effect a flesh-and-bones dissection of ethics, from which the breath of life is missing. Such life can come only from a central metaphysical affirmation, which the author has deliberately avoided. Perhaps this defect will be overcome in another work, here promised, on "A Metaphysic of Value."

Fiction

AMOK, by Stefan Zweig. *New York: The Viking Press. $1.50.*

The extraordinary power of proud, seemingly cold women to excite certain kinds of men to the point of frenzied abasement supplies the theme of this *Novelle.* The details are appropriately set in Malaysia; the characters are an Englishwoman and a young German doctor. Told in the last moments of the doctor, in the small hours before dawn on the tropical seas, the tale becomes more breath-taking than the wildest adventure story. The form is admirable.

THE SHINY NIGHT, by Beatrice Tunstall. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

This novel, partly through its outlandish dialect, awakens reminiscences of the stories of T. F. Powys; and the figure of Seth Shone, who carves images of his enemies in order to destroy them, might be a portrait from Powys' gallery of the possessed countryfolk. Beatrice Tunstall, however, writes with none of the savagery of Powys; in the end the obsession of her central character, as well as most of the problems of the novel, seem only quaint and whimsical. Quaintness and whimsicality, after four hundred and thirty pages, resolve themselves into an endlessly cheerful round of weddings, anniversaries, births and deaths.

Contributors

Wilford J. Eiteman has just become associate professor of Economics and Business Organization at Albion College, Michigan, after having been a member of the teaching faculty of the College of Commerce at Ohio State University.

James Daly, who has worked in steel mills, taught school, directed and acted in the theatre and done ghost writing, has published his prose and poetry in various left-wing magazines. At present he is copy writer for the advertising firm of N. W. Ayer and Son in Philadelphia.

Edwin Tribble, formerly Sunday editor of The Macon Telegraph, has recently been made city editor of that paper.

Virginia Woolf, the English novelist and critic, is the author of "Mrs. Dalloway," "Orlando," "The Common Reader" and other volumes. "The Waves," her latest novel, will be published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace.

Joseph North, an editor of The Labor Defender, is at present working on a first novel.

Mary M. Colum, a graduate of the National University of Ireland and a frequent contributor to various English magazines, is at present in Paris.

Herman Simpson, a contributor to The Bookman, The New Freeman and other magazines, has been on the editorial staff of "The International Encyclopedia" and was an editor of The New York Call and The New Review.

W. B. Curry, who has been headmaster of the Oak Lane Country Day School, will take up his position this month as Director of Education at Dartington Hall, Totnes, England.

Murray Godwin, author of an interpretation of Jesus, has worked in the Ford factories as a laborer and as editor of the Ford house organ. He is at present writing for an encyclopedia in New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eternal MATTERS

THOSE timeless questions of life and death, which visit all of us "in the dark stillness of the night", are here weighed by twenty-two modern thinkers, including Albert Einstein, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Sir James Jeans, and others equally representative and equally distinguished. Each contributor to this series of intimate credos was invited to set down, with uncompromising candor, his spiritual last will and testament.

The strength which Albert Einstein draws from his lofty solitude; the brave ethic of Bertrand Russell; the gusto and skepticism of H. L. Mencken; Theodore Dreiser's brooding search for certainty; Sir Arthur Keith's peace in denial of immortality; John Dewey's exalting of experience as the Ultimate Authority—from each of these philosophical confessions the reader may draw some spark of conviction to add to the sum total of his own *living* philosophy.

The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen *Living Philosophies* for its July book, enabling the publishers to offer this substantial and superbly-designed volume,* with 22 full-page portraits, at $2.50. Ask your own bookseller.

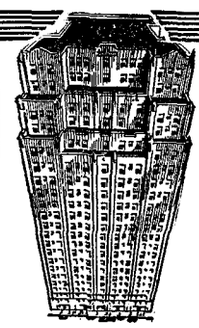
from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
Publishers · 386 Fourth Avenue · *New York*

**Originally scheduled for $5.00*

in LIVING PHILOSOPHIES

BY ALBERT EINSTEIN, SIR JAMES JEANS, JOHN DEWEY, H. G. WELLS, HILAIRE BELLOC, HU SHIH, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, J. B. S. HALDANE, IRWIN EDMAN, JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, WILLIAM RALPH INGE, H. L. MENCKEN, JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, IRVING BABBITT, FRIDTJOF NANSEN, BEATRICE WEBB, THEODORE DREISER, JULIA PETEKIN, LEWIS MUMFORD, SIR ARTHUR KEITH, ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN.

Transient Rates
$1.50 per day up, with bath $2 up



$8 to $14 WEEKLY

KENMORE HALL

145 East 23rd St., New York City
(Gramercy Park)

The Favored Residence of Artists, Writers and Professional people.

Club Life, Restaurant, Swimming Pool, Gym, Library. Spacious Lounges, Roof Garden. Separate floors for men and women.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH,
ITALIAN, GERMAN, RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

FOR RENT

STUDIO or large living-room with bath, kitchenette, equipped, furnished, serviced. $50 a month or by the week. Brophy, 20 W. 16th St., Phone: TOmpkins Square, 6-9129.

SUMMER RENTAL

BARGAIN, EMERGENCY, a nine-room house, improvements, garage, $175 for season. Isolated, beautiful wooded country. 75% furnished. Grand for children. Small stream. 14 miles from Poughkeepsie on first class road. Address: Box 612, The New Republic.

FOR SALE

Near Peekskill and Lake. Good commuting. All year round estate—24 acres. Fine early American Farmhouse, excellent condition; 3 fireplaces, 11 rooms, 2 baths, delightful attic of 6 rooms; situated on a knoll surrounded by sloping lawns—beautiful old trees, shrubberies, fruit trees, vegetable garden, gardener's cottage, barns, chicken houses, cow and horse stalls, garage. Beautiful surrounding country—must be seen to be appreciated. Can also be used to advantage as a high class inn. For quick sale, at $25,000. Address: Box 605, The New Republic.

BOOKS

UNUSUAL BOOKS

Privately printed limited editions. Unexpurgated translations. Unusually illustrated volumes.

Send for Fascinating FREE Catalogues

THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. E,
489 Fifth Ave., New York

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all outdoor wear—direct from makers. Sample free Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
JAMES St. TWEED DEPOT
159 Stornoway, Scotland.

BOOK BARGAINS

We have in stock one or more copies of the books listed below, unused and showing almost no shelf wear.

	Our Price
THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION, by Sigmund Freud. Liveright. List $2.00	$1.00
THE POLAR REGIONS IN THE 20TH CENTURY, by Maj. Gen. A. W. Greely. List $4.00	2.00
A THEORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT, by Selig Perlman. Macmillan. List $2.25	1.15
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Cape. List $3.00	1.50
BALLADS FOR SALE, by Amy Lowell. Houghton. List $2.25	1.15
ANASTASIA, by H. von Rathlef-Keilmann. Payson. List $3.50	1.75
AMERICAN LABOR DYNAMICS, by J. B. S. Hardman. Harcourt. List $4.00	2.00
LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE, ed. by Richard Aldington. 2 vols. Brentano's. List $8.50	4.00
WEST RUNNING BROOK, by Robert Frost. Holt. List $2.50	1.50
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PERSONALITY, by Richard M. Vaughan. Macmillan. List $2.50	1.25
LEE: A DRAMATIC POEM, by Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan. List $2.00	1.00
SHRINES OF THE GREAT IN EUROPE, by Edwin Robert Petre. Funk. List $2.00	1.00
A NEW TESTAMENT, by Sherwood Anderson. Liveright. List $2.00	1.00
THE SEALED BOOK OF ROULETTE, by "Billiken." McBride. List $2.50	1.25
THE BABYONS, by Clemence Dane. 4 vols, boxed. Doubleday. List $5.00	2.50
A VOYAGE TO PAGANY, by William Carlos Williams. Macaulay. List $2.50	1.25
THREE LAST PLAYS, by Lady Gregory. Putnam. List $2.00	1.00
FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY, by Maxim Gorky. McBride. List $3.00	1.50
THE AMERICAN OMEN, by Garet Garrett. Dutton. List $2.50	1.25
THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM, by E. A. Goldenweiser. McGraw. List $3.00	1.50
THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGED, by Abraham Eptstein. Vanguard. List $3.00	1.50
THE STORY OF UTOPIAS, by Lewis Mumford. Liveright. List $3.00	2.00
THOMAS CARLYLE, by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Holt. List $2.50	1.25
SERMONS OF A CHEMIST, by Edwin E. Slosson. Harcourt. List $2.00	1.00
THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA, by Stendhal. 2 vols., boxed. Liveright. List $5.00	2.50
CHILDBIRTH, by William G. Lee. Univ. of Chicago. List $3.00	1.50
TERTIUM ORGANUM, by P. D. Ouspensky. Knopf. List $5.00	2.50
THE SEVEN STRINGS OF THE LYRE: LIFE OF GEORGE SAND, by Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton. List $4.00	2.00
LIKE SUMMER'S CLOUD, by Charles S. Brooks. Harcourt. List $2.50	1.25
READINGS, selected by Walter de la Mare. Knopf. List $5.00	2.00
TO THE PURE, by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle. Viking. List $3.00	1.50
LIFE OF RACINE, by Mary Duclaux. Harper. List $4.00	2.00
LOVE SONNETS OF A CAVE MAN, by Don Marquis. Doubleday. List $2.00	1.00

Postage Free

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 W. 21st St., New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED